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by John Grant



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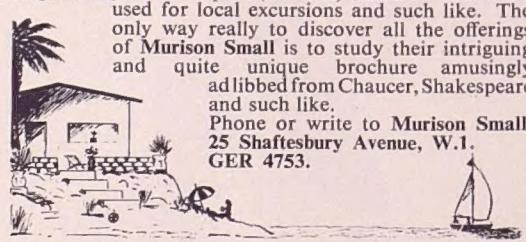
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Both Tangier and Casablanca boast many fine beaches and both centres afford easy opportunity for excursions to Rabat, Fez, Mohammedia and Marakesh with, of course, daily sailings from Tangier to Gibraltar.

One final factor which should recommend Morocco to the sun seeking holidaymaker: only first class weather is permitted all the year round!

For further details contact your agent or FLEETAIR, Convoys Lt. 68, Queen Street, E.C.4.



If you have been everywhere then why didn't you go to Poland? It might have saved much searching, for if you were looking for beaches, boating and bathing, with sophisticated hotels and enticing food then digress no further. Rich in folk lore and intriguing crafts and a general 'joie de vivre' you can forfeit all these for mountaineering and the wild countryside that has the best game in Europe (woodcock, duck, deer, wolf and wild boar), and stay in an ancient castle or baroque palace to boot. For the equestrian superb facilities are offered whilst the winter sports lover finds all his wants.

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For full details contact: BERGEN LINE, 21-24 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1. TRA 4631 or your Travel Agent.

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For all service details contact your Travel Agent or U.T.A., 177 Piccadilly, London, W.I. HYD 4881.

U.T.A.

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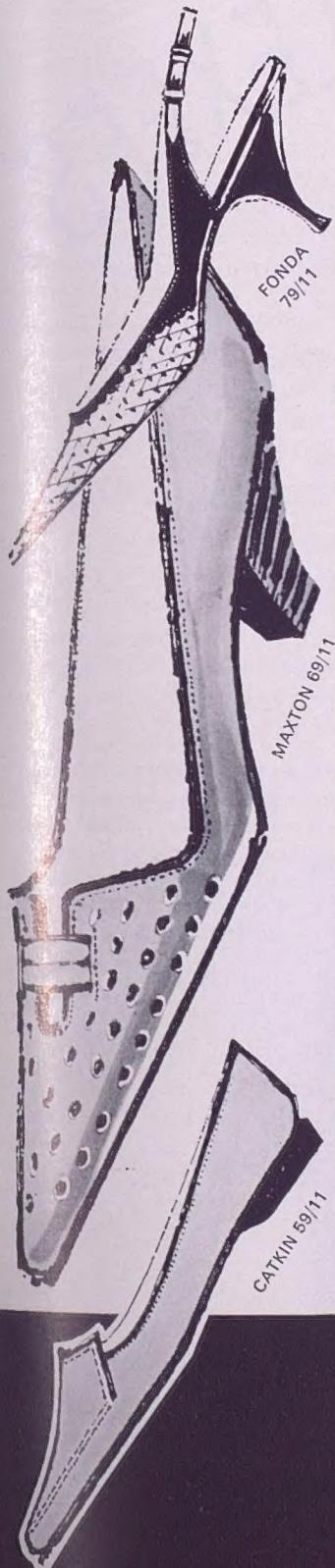
Beautiful shoes!

JINTY 55/11 (Wessex) photograph. Black calf, with tartan or check front. Black patent or navy calf with mesh front. 2½" heel.

FONDA 79/11 (Skyline). Navy, white, beige or gold nylon mesh with calf. Cardinal nylon mesh with navy calf. Black nylon mesh with patent. AA. B. C.

MAXTON 69/11 (Country Club). Hickory, sahara, white, oyster, navy gluvcalf.

CATKIN 59/11 (Pussyfoot Clipper). Olive, red, sand, tan, truffle brushed pigskin. Nearest Shop? Write Clarks, Dept. M, Street, Somerset—ask for a style leaflet.



Clarks

tatler

AND BYSTANDER / VOLUME 252 / NUMBER 3271

EDITOR JOHN OLIVER

GOING PLACES

- 310 In Britain
- 312 To eat: by John Baker White
- 314 Abroad: by Doone Beal

SOCIAL

- 317 Quatercentenary at Stratford-upon-Avon
- 319 Muriel Bowen's column
- 320 Dior fashions at Welbeck Abbey
- 322 Household Brigade point-to-point
- 324 Teenage Ball in Gloucestershire
- 325 Letter from Scotland

FEATURES

- 326 A pattern of painters: photographs by Roger Hill
- 329 At ease with Beriosova: by J. Roger Baker, photographs by Anthony Crickmay
- 322 Family group: photograph by John Hedgecoe

COUNTERSPY

- 335 Camera call: by Elizabeth Williamson

FASHION

- 336 Stand easy: by Unity Barnes, photographs by Ronald Falloon

GOOD LOOKS

- 344 In cameo: by Elizabeth Williamson

VERDICTS

- 345 On plays: by Pat Wallace
- 346 On films: by Elspeth Grant
- 347 On books: by Oliver Warner
- 348 On records: by Spike Hughes
- 348 On galleries: by Robert Wright
- 348 On opera: by J. Roger Baker

ANTIQUES

- 351 Desk for a prince: by Albert Adair

DINING IN

- 352 Reviewing the stocks: by Helen Burke

MOTORING

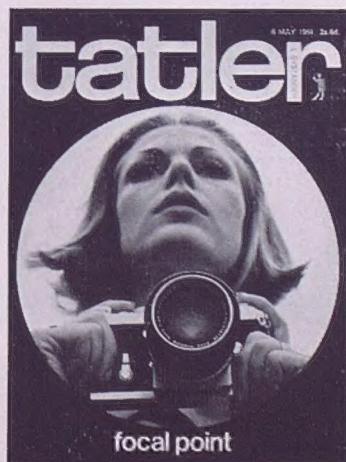
- 354 Romeo & Giulia: by Dudley Noble

MAN'S WORLD

- 358 International breakthrough: by David Morton

WEDDINGS

- 361



Focal point on the cover—apart from the girl—is the camera she carries, one of the more covetable items in the armoury of photographic equipment being produced for a market that can only be described as mass. It is a Nikon F, single-lens reflex (£101 3s. 9d.) with an Auto-Nikkor f.3.5 zoom lens 43 to 86 mm. (£77 8s. 9d.) from Westminster Photographic Ltd., of 217 High Holborn, W.C.1. More equipment of a like kind can be found on page 335 where Counterspy has amassed a collection of the most modern cameras. For the men and women who use them turn to Family Group in the middle pages where the Tatler's photographers took time out from their far-flung assignments to be photographed themselves by a colleague. Among them you'll find Morris Newcombe who was responsible for the cover

Postage: Inland, 4½d. Foreign, 8d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. **Subscription rates:** Great Britain and Eire: 52 issues plus Christmas number, £7 14s.; 26 issues plus Christmas number, £3 19s.; without Christmas number, £3 15s.; 13 issues (no extras), £1 18s. Canada: 52 issues plus Christmas number, £8 10s.; 26 issues plus Christmas number, £4 7s.; without Christmas number, £4 3s.; 13 issues (no extras), £2 1s. 6d. Elsewhere abroad: 52 issues plus Christmas number, £8 10s.; 26 issues plus Christmas number, £4 7s.; without Christmas number, £4 3s.; 13 issues (no extras), £2 1s. 6d. U.S.A. (residents): 52 issues plus Christmas number, \$24.00; 26 issues plus Christmas number, \$13.00; without, \$12.00; 13 issues (no extras), \$6.00. © 1964 Illustrated Newspapers Ltd., 18 John Adam Street, London W.C.2 (TRAfalgar 7020)

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This new one-wash formula never strips away all the natural oils

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ou'll find your hair silky-soft and more obedient than you've ever known it before! You can get Lemon Liquid Shampoo from all French of London selected stockists.
here is one in your area – but if you have any difficulty write to: French of London, 6 Cork Street, London, W1.
he manufacturers of French of London preparations are French & Scott Limited, London.

One-wash formula



French
OF LONDON

new Lemon Liquid Shampoo!

GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Tidworth 3-Day Event, 8-10 May. (Details, Major P. Gill, HQ, RAC, 3 Div., Tidworth, Hants.)

Flower arrangement exhibition, on theme "The Plays of Shakespeare," Berkeley Castle, Glos, 8-10 May, in aid of the Royal Commonwealth Society for the Blind, and the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association.

Royal Caledonian Ball, Grosvenor House, 11 May. (Tickets, £4 inc. dinner, £3 ball only. GRO 6363.)

United Charities Fair, Chelsea Town Hall, 11 a.m.-7 p.m., 12 May.

Red Hat Ball, Grosvenor House, 12 May. (Tickets, £3 10s., inc. dinner with wine, £1 10s. not inc. dinner, from Mrs. Robin Donald, FLA 4173.)

St. Bartholomew's Hospital View-day Ball, Café Royal, 13 May, in aid of the Royal College of Nursing. (Double tickets, £4 10s. from the Ball Secretary, CLE 5259.)

Cygnet's Ball, Claridge's, 14 May.

Floral Luncheon, Savoy, 14 May, in aid of the Forces Help Society and Lord Roberts Workshops. (Tickets, £3 3s., KEN 6663.)

England Ball, Grosvenor House, 14 May, in aid of the C.P.R.E. (Tickets, £3, GRO 6363.)

Theatre Ball, to celebrate R.A.D.A.'s Diamond Jubilee,

Savoy, 21 May. Proceeds in aid of Oxfam and the Denville Hall Rest Home. (Tickets, £4 4s. inc. supper, from Mrs. H. Rubin, 31 Pelham Court, S.W.3. KEN 9833.)

Royal Windsor Horse Show, Home Park, Windsor, 14-16 May.

Union Club May Ball, Cirencester, 15 May. (Details, Mr. J. F. Barmby, Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester 429/30.)

Glyndebourne Opera Festival, *Macbeth*, 20 May.

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Chester, today & 7; Haydock Park, Kempton Park, 8, 9; Worcester, Newcastle, 9; Ayr, 9, 11; Wolverhampton, 11; Brighton, 11, 12; Catterick Bridge, 13; Salisbury, 13, 14 May. **Steeplechasing**: Kelso, 6, 7; Taunton, 7; Newton Abbot, 8, 9; Market Rasen, 9; Ayr, 12; Birmingham, 13 May.

CRICKET

Surrey v. Australians, and **Gloucestershire**, the Oval, 9-15 May; **Notts v. Australia** and **Surrey**, Trent Bridge, 13-19 May.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. *Falstaff*, tonight, 9 May (last perf.); *Tosca*, 13, 15 May. 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. Benevolent Fund Gala, 8 p.m., 7 May; *Serenade*, *La Creation du Monde*, *The Dream*, 8 May; *The*

Dream, *Images of Love*, *Hamlet*, 11, 14 May; *Swan Lake*, 12 May, 7.30 p.m.

Sadler's Wells Opera. *La Traviata* (last perf.), tonight; *La Vie Parisienne*, 7, 9, 13 May; *Don Pasquale*, 8 May; *Iolanthe*, 12, 15 May; *Attila*, 14 May. (TER 1672/3.)

Royal Festival Hall. Philharmonia, cond. Schmidt-Isserstedt, with Victoria De Los Angeles, 8 p.m., 7 May; B.B.C. Light Programme Music Fest-

tival, 7.30 p.m., 9 May; L.S.O., cond. Davis, with Iturbi (piano), 8 p.m., 12 May. (WAT 3191.)

Wigmore Hall. Lunchtime concert. Patricia Brigneshaw (soprano), Robert Sutherland (piano), 12-45 a.m., 12 May.

Claydon Concert, Claydon House, Bucks. Melos Ensemble, 7 p.m., 10 May. (PRI 7142.)

ART

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House, to 15 August.

Painting & Sculpture, 1954/64, Tate Gallery, to 28 June.

Graven Image, R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit St., to 28 May.

FIRST NIGHTS

New Arts. *Entertaining Mr. Sloane*, tonight.

Aldwych. Greek Art Theatre, 12 May.

New Victoria. *Black Africa*, 18 May.



ZOE DOMINIC

Rita Moreno, singing star of "West Side Story," takes a leading part in another American musical, *She Loves Me*, which opens tonight at the Lyric, Shaftesbury Avenue. Other leads are taken by Anne Rogers, Gary Raymond, Karel Stepanek and Carl Jaffe

BRIGGS by Graham





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My family thinks of me like THIS!

(Actually, I'm 5' 7", 35-22-35, eyes blue, hair upswept; preference in clothes, slinky.)

But in the eyes of my family, I'm still mentally a "little girl". Maybe that's not too bad, though. Maybe it helped me grow up faster. Because I wanted so desperately to make my own decisions that I got over making foolish ones fast.

* * *

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GOING PLACES TO EAT

A PAVILION IN KENSINGTON

C.S. . . . Closed Sundays.

W.B. . . . Wise to book a table. **Les Pies Qui Rient**, 2 Abingdon Road, High Street, Kensington end. Evenings. (WES 3737.) Open luncheon and dinner—fully licensed to 1.30 a.m. and 11.30 p.m. on Sundays. The first thing that strikes you is the complete originality of Sean Kenny's decor, which is the use of white with contrasting colours in a long room with a glass roof and balcony. It was delightful at lunchtime on a sunny day in April and I am sure would be equally so at night. I have nothing but praise for what I ate — Feuilletée d'Epine, and Sole Normande—and I have no doubt that the other dishes on an extensive French menu are up to their standard. The main dish will cost you from 13s. 6d. to 17s. 6d. The wine list is impressive, and a good deal of thought has been put into it. I chose a 1959 white Châteauneuf du Pape. I noticed a Château Langoa Barton 1953 at 45s. and also one of the delightful Alsatian muscat wines, a 1961 Hugel. I noted particularly what so many otherwise good restaurants fall down on—the high quality of the glasses and cutlery. The coffee cups also were most graceful; the coffee in them might have been a bit stronger. W.B.

Stone's Chop House, Panton Street, Haymarket. The Upper Room. Having visited the ground-floor restaurant soon after it opened, and having enjoyed it, I was interested to see what the more recently opened upstairs room was like. It is smaller, more intimate, and quite original with its tables in arbours, the outlook on to a courtyard, and the Paisley pattern wallpaper. The food is of the same high quality. The saddle of mutton I ate was superb, and as a meat-producer I do not use that word lightly. The carafe of red Bordeaux we drank was at 14s. excellent value for money, and no one could cavil at any of the prices, for that matter. As for downstairs too, it is wise to book.

Wide-ranging guides

Though they may hate to admit it, the restaurant trade of this

country has two Achilles heels. One is the general low standard of vegetable cooking, and the practice of serving frozen packet vegetables in the height of the season for the fresh product. The other is the overcooking of roast duck. I commend therefore to their particular attention an admirable book written primarily for the cook in the home—Helen Burke's **Practical Cookery** (Oldbourne Press, 18s.). It is first class because it is uncomplicated, easy to read, tells you how many people the proportions in a particular recipe will feed—many otherwise excellent books do not—and is written by someone who has forgotten more about cooking than some chefs will ever know. Its range is wide—on two facing pages you go from Soufflé Grand Marnier to Summer Pudding, and on another from Crêpes Suzettes to Pop-Overs.

restaurant section there are not only symbols for food and surroundings, but also, admirably, for the quality of service, as well as sharp comment on weak points; for example, bottled mayonnaise, plastic flowers and frozen vegetables.

Prepared by a team of experts working under Mr. Ronay, 6 restaurants in Britain and one in Eire are given three stars, while there are 28 with 2 stars, 12 of them in London, and 174 with one star. In all there are 817 restaurants in the guide—691 others visited were rejected, and 315 hotels—171 of them are rejected. The type of approach is first class and the whole most entertaining reading. In my copy there is a curious omission, that is, no index to the hotels outside London. As they are not arranged in alphabetical order or in country groups it is difficult to find one's way out of this section of the guide.

. . . and a reminder

Barque & Bite, entrance to the Broad Canal, Regent's Park. Open for lunch and dinner to midnight. Closed midday Saturday, noon Sundays. (GUL 8137.) Once a time canal barge has become a pleasant restaurant with good French cooking. W.B.

Peter Evans Eating House, 60 Fleet Street. (FLE 4996.) Open midday to midnight. Decor by David Hicks and straightforward English cooking.



Glittering line-up at *The Talk of the Town* during the floorshow called Roman Holiday, an excuse for tarantellas and operatic snippets before the main cabaret which at the moment is the Mary Kaye Trio. Shirley Bassey opens next week

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GOING PLACES

AEGEAN TURKEY

Travel in Turkey, as in the rest of the Balkans, is essentially an affair of the heart. Its wilder reaches have the kind of landscape that makes you want to voyage on and on, and the sort of hotels (or lack of them) which compel you to, for want of a clean bed—give or take the private shower, if it exists at all. One is dismayed by some of the world's worst plumbing, heartened by variably good food, and charmed by its hospitality. It generates a kind of love-hate relationship; love, for the most part, on the winning side, once your bones have stopped aching.

A direct antithesis of anything glossy, Turkey remains one of the most interesting and unexpected lands in the world to travel: travel, you note, not tour. It retains the fascination which it must have had for Lady Hester Stanhope and others in search of the Wilder Shores for, outside the meccas of Istanbul, Izmir and Ankara, civilization of the 20th-century breed has been but lightly dusted. Everything about Turkey is further than one thinks—and this, in several senses of the word. The peninsula (about half the country) is roughly the area of France. Its shores are bathed by five seas, if you count the Bosporous. At the minimum, it has five quite different climates. And so you choose your cut of Turkey, so to speak, according to season.

Istanbul, still the spiritual capital, is for almost all seasons: for sightseeing, for history, for an unexpectedly high degree of creature comfort. The Black Sea coast is for high summer, together with the islands in the Sea of Marmara. The Aegean, any time from now to late October; and the southern, Mediterranean coast—which is some of the wildest of the lot for spring, late summer and the earlier marches of winter. For those who enjoy the *genre*, Turkey is the nearest thing to virgin territory left in a temperate climate: at least within what Lord Kinross calls Europa Minor—the title of his book.

Hospitality—a term which is getting increasingly debased—flows strong in a land which knows, relatively, so few visi-

tors, and among whose people the tradition is almost sacred. A trivial example, but one which stuck in my mind, was the garage mechanic who put a glassful of phlox and pale pink roses on the dusty bench upon which we reluctantly unpacked our picnic during one of the inevitable breakdowns with the car; and the people in the private, top-deck cabin on the island steamer who offered me a seat, not realizing that, mad Englishwoman, I had come up from the warm, smoky saloon for air; and the schoolchildren who brought water from the well for us to wash our hands, the day we bought a honeycomb from a peasant farmer near Pammukale, and ate some on the spot. The hospitality of the jewellers is another thing, common to the whole of the Middle East: but then, one might as well bargain over a cup of coffee as not.

Aegean Turkey is one of the most beautiful (and climatically, one of the most agreeable) parts of the country. Southwards from Izmir, the Greek islands of Samos and Kos, Patmos and Mytelene, are grape-blue blobs on the horizon. But the Turkish mainland is scattered with the remains of their civilization. Pergamon and Troy lie to the north, between Izmir and the Dardanelles. Pergamon's great treasure, its altar, was Schliemann's prize for his original excavation of the city, and it now graces an East Berlin museum, preserved under grey northern skies, with all the feeling of a captive lion gone to seed. The "topless towers of Ilium" (Troy), I have had to save up for a future visit. But how wonderful to tread again the white marble streets of Ephesus, a city as graphic to see as Leptis Magna, under the blue Aegean heaven for which it was created.

Unlike the Greek, the modern Turk cares none too much for his ruins; he simply lives with them. Sightseers come to explore the soaring white temple to Apollo at Didymi, whose Oracle in ancient times was second only to that of Delphi. But the villagers, whose low-built cottages are dwarfed by



ABROAD

this ancient city, get on with their eternal backgammon underneath the chestnut trees; children play hide & seek among the marble columns, and goats teeter, as though high-heeled, down the long, perfectly preserved covered passages which once led to the Oracle, there to nibble the bright green grass in the open enclosure beyond it.

The most important—indeed, the only—thing left to see in Miletus is its huge and magnificent theatre. Even the sea has deserted this, once a city which generated colonies in the Black Sea ports and beyond. It lies in the silted, fertile plain of the river Meander, which curves and wanders for 250 miles from source to mouth; a piece of interestingly-useless information is the derivation of a word which has passed into our own currency and is used, most often (and unknowingly) to describe the course of rivers.

Some two hours' drive southeast from this Aegean coast is Pammukale, once a Roman watering place. From a distance, it is no more than a white scar inscribed on the hillside; until you climb up and closer to it on this winding, pebbled road, and see the white to be a series of petrified calcium falls. The warm, carbonated waters have been captive in various pools since Roman times, and one has the unique experience

of swimming in slightly effervescent water, between fluted Roman columns, and coming out into the blazing sunshine to cool down. In *The Golden Bough*, Sir Arthur Fraser records some experiences and customs a very great deal more unique in connection with Pammukale and the goddess Astarte, but they are not here my province.

Banking—and rightly—on the fact that Aegean Turkey has the heaviest tourist potential, the Turkish hotel enterprise Tuscan has built motels at all the strategic points: Pammukale, Troy, Pergamon and Ephesus, with one more hotel close to Ephesus, on the coastal Kusadasa. It is no architectural beauty but functional enough to use as a base, not only for sightseeing in some of the most interesting Hellenic remains of Asia Minor, but also for glorying in a virgin Aegean beach which stretches for a golden mile from its doorstep.

By boat and car, the journey from Istanbul to Izmir, via Bursa and Pergamon, takes a leisurely three days through some glorious country. Otherwise, one hour by air, from which Kusadasa is a further hour by road. Pan American makes one of the easiest flights from London to Istanbul, leaving at 9 a.m. and arriving, via Frankfurt and either Munich or Vienna, at 3 p.m. Their ground staff are particularly helpful on advice and local hotel and transport arrangements with offices in Ankara and Izmir as well as their port of arrival. The fare: £118 6s. Economy.



Turkey: fishermen at Bodrum. Here, people tend to live with ruins—like the castle on the far shore—rather than preserving them as museums

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BIRTHDAY PARTY

A high point of the Shakespeare Quatercentenary celebrations at Stratford-upon-Avon was the formal opening of the new Shakespeare Centre hard by the birthplace. Mr. Eugene R. Black, chairman of the American Shakespeare Committee, who performed the opening ceremony, is seen beside the commemorative plaque. With him (*left*) is Mr. Laurence Williams, architect to Shakespeare's Birthplace Trust. Muriel Bowen writes about the week-long Stratford celebrations overleaf with more pictures by Van Hallan

BIRTHDAY PARTY CONTINUED



1 Following the formal opening of the Centre, guests were received by the Mayor and Mayoress of Stratford at Hall's Croft, originally the home of Shakespeare's daughter Susan.

Among representatives of overseas countries at the Shakespeare celebrations was Senora P. F. Valencia, whose husband is the Charge d'Affaires at the Colombian Embassy in London

2 Senora Hernandez, wife of the Charge d'Affaires at the Venezuelan Embassy

3 Among the younger guests, Miss Elizabeth Spry

4 M. Albert W. Konigsfeldt, Minister-Counsellor of the Danish Embassy, with his wife

5 Miss Penelope Williams, daughter of Mr. Laurence Williams, architect to the Trust, and Mr. Michael Forbes

6 Lady Flower, wife of Sir Fordham Flower, chairman of the Shakespeare Anniversary Council with Mr. Angus Maude, M.P., and Sir Denys Lowson and the Earl of Ian

7 The Hon. Lady Lowson, in a pink two-piece suit with pink and black straw hat, with Sir Denys Lowson and the Earl of Ian

8 The Earl & Countess of Warwick with Mr. Eugene R. Black, chairman of the America Shakespeare Committee

THE LONG TRAIL TO THE AVON

BY MURIEL BOWEN

The thing that I shall remember longest about Shakespeare's 400th birthday was the trail of diplomats and their wives along Bridge Street, Stratford-upon-Avon, in search of shops not already sold out of umbrellas. PRINCE PHILIP flew in by helicopter to open the Shakespeare Exhibition; flags were unfurled; celebrations went on day and night for four days. But there was no getting away from the fact that it was England in April. Blustery weather and showers followed each other in quick succession.

I talked to Mr. EUGENE BLACK, former President of the World Bank, who heads America's celebration committee for Shakespeare's birthday. "In June I shall be taking a whole crowd down to Washington, including visitors from England," he told me. "President and Mrs. Johnson are going to entertain us at the White House, and excerpts from *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* will be performed in the White House itself." More than 200 books on Shakespeare have already been published this year. Mr. Black is gathering material for another, but he won't say exactly what it will be about. "As the only non-scholar about the place I don't believe in doing the talking."

MR. FOX SURVIVES

At a banquet sponsored by the Shakespeare Club the after-dinner speeches went on until the stroke of midnight. Some of the learned men sounded as if they might go on for four centuries. But Dr. T. S. R. BOASE, President of Magdalen College, Oxford, probably the best scholar of them all, wasn't one to take it all too seriously. He took as his theme the fact that Shakespeare was partial to banquets and impartial to after-dinner speeches.

Presiding over the dinner was Mr. LEVI FOX, a scholarly man with a passionate interest in Shakespeare, who has been directing this mammoth year at Stratford. He is the one who has had to cope with the avalanche of foreign dignitaries, bear the brunt of the quarrels of town fathers over car parking facilities, and somehow, somewhere, fit in those self-considered V.I.P.'s who were not on the original list of those to lunch with Prince Philip. In the circumstances nothing could have been more fitting than the modestly worded tribute of one speaker who congratulated Mr. Fox on being "still alive."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 321



FASHION TAKES OVER

It's a thing that fashion has a habit of doing, especially in the spring. Case in point was at Welbeck Abbey, Nottinghamshire home of the Duke of Portland, where a display of fashions from Christian Dior took over the entire ground floor. The parade, attended by some 800 guests, was organised to help the Guide Dogs for the Blind Fund and the Nottinghamshire Youth Clubs

1 Lady Anne Cavendish-Bentinck, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Portland, and M. Frederic Castet, London designer for Christian Dior

2 Mrs. A. J. Peech, chairman of the show committee, and Miss Sarah Chetwode, second daughter of Lady Willa Chetwode

3 A model walks through one of the connecting corridors at Welbeck Abbey decorated with prints of racehorses once owned by members of the Portland family

4 The Duke of Portland at the pre-show cocktail party

5 The Duchess of Portland

6 The main display was held in the magnificent Tapestry Room at Welbeck

7 Mrs. Alan Pegler, who was in charge of the raffle after the show, and Lady Willa Chetwode, a committee member

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THE BISHOP'S MISSION

Banquet guests included: LORD & LADY ILIFFE; Mr. & Mrs. ROGER SWINBURNE-JOHNSON, who told me that they have just purchased a shooting lodge in Sutherland; Mr. & Mrs. GEORGE DOUGHTY; SIR WALTER & LADY HOWARD; and Mr. ANGUS MAUDE, the local M.P., who looked as if he had had an awful lot of Shakespeare already. I talked to the Rt. Rev. DR. CUTHBERT BARDSLEY, Bishop of Coventry, who told me that Coventry's new cathedral has resulted in a 30 per cent increase in regular churchgoers. It was the Bishop's second visit to Stratford in a couple of weeks. His previous visit had been to open a mission, a fact that had been headlined in the local paper: "Bishop Opens Museum." Nobody got a bigger kick out of this than the Bishop himself. "I'm dining out on the story all the time," he told me.

THE REAL MR. S.

The luncheon to mark the 400th anniversary was very official. Places and nations right round the world were represented. From the Soviet Ambassador & MADAME SOLDATOV to the High Bailiff of Henley-in-Arden and Mrs. WALTER TERRY they were all there. Nepal sent her Crown Prince; China her Chargé d'Affaires & Mrs. HSIUNG HSIANG-HUI; and Laos, PRINCESS SOUPHANTHARANGSI. There was also Mr. & Mrs. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS; Mr. JOHN BEDFORD; SIR CHARLES & LADY SNOW; LORD COHEN OF BIRKENHEAD; and LORD & LADY PRIMROSE.

The only Shakespeare present at the luncheon was Mr. SAMUEL SHAKESPEARE, a retired auctioneer in his 80s. A well-known figure locally, he turns out annually in the car rally and won it a year or two ago.

SUNSHINE CHAT

The Warwickshire lad who left Stratford in search of fortune (or to avoid disgrace) would have been immensely flattered if he could have been present at last week's celebrations. The town was full of famous people. Sitting in the sun on the crazy-paved terrace of his home above Stratford, I spoke to SIR FORDHAM FLOWER, chairman of the Shakespeare Birthday Trust. Stratford would never have become what it is today if it had not been for the business acumen of successive generations of the Flower family. The story is told of Sir Fordham's mother, a very beautiful woman, being asked to lunch by a wealthy American, and her emergence from the lunch with a cheque for 20,000 dollars for the theatre!

"If you live in Stratford the theatre becomes woven into your life," Sir Fordham says. "The theatre is the thing, the only thing that matters. All

these parties are just pleasant but unimportant trimmings."

NO THESPIAN FLOWER

Apart from a walk-on part as a child and a small part once when he was at Sandhurst he has never acted himself. But Shakespeare and Stratford are in his blood. He is looking forward to the time—in about five years—when the Stratford company will have its own theatre in Notting Hill Gate. Sir Basil Spence has agreed to design it, and it will be shared by the Ballet Rambert. Sir Fordham is very concerned that Stratford should not become a dormitory town for its rich city neighbours. It has 18,000 people now and he thinks it could grow to about 25,000 without losing its character provided a ring road is built for heavy through traffic.

How does a busy businessman cope with what could be a full-time hobby? "I practise the art of choosing the right people. Then they get on with it while I just deal with the essentials." Sir Fordham is also realist enough to appreciate that with all these Shakespearian beanos planned for all over the country, people are likely to be bored stiff with Shakespeare before the year is out. "Yes it is a pity—but how do you stop people who are doing too much out of sheer enthusiasm?"

SPRING EXPLOSION

People who went to the wedding of the Hon. SUSAN VERNEY and Mr. JEREMY WAGG at St. Peter's Church, Kineton, could not recall an occasion on which they had heard so much laughter in church. Cause of it was the address given by the Bishop of Coventry, the Rt. Rev. CUTHBERT BARDSLEY. His theme was Give and Take, practical advice interspersed with good humour—or rather, vice-versa.

After the ceremony the bride's parents, LORD & LADY WILCOUGHBY DE BROKE—he is Warwickshire's Lord Lieutenant—received about 300 guests in the garden of their house, which is bang in the middle of the village, just by the church. It was an enchanting setting with spring gloriously exploded all round. Guests included Mrs. ANTHONY CONTOMI-CHALOS, the bridegroom's mother who lives partly in Sunningdale and partly in Khartoum; Miss BERYL BUCKMASTER; ELIZABETH LADY MUSKER; the Hon. Mrs. WILLIAM ROLLO and her son Mr. BILLY ABEL SMITH; the Misses OLIVE & PAMELA LLOYD-BAKER; Mr. MICHAEL BOWER; Mr. and Mrs. J. J. HORLICK; the Hon. DAVID VERNEY; and the Hon. JANE PEARSON.

After a honeymoon in Spain for which they have been lent a villa by American friends, Mr. JEREMY & the Hon. Mrs. WAGG will make their home in a sweet little house they have bought in Kensington. Mr. Wagg is a theatrical agent, a business in which his father has had an interest for many years.



AND THE BAND PLAYED ON



The band was that of the Guards and they contributed to the garden party air on the paddock at the Household Brigade Saddle Club steeplechase held at Tweseldown. There were five races on the card; the big picture on this page shows Rooney ridden by Mr. C. Stephens, winning the Club's heavyweight race. Behind is Mr. R. Smith on Zeus.



5271 Rooney competed in the fourth race ridden by Mr. C. Stephens. Rooney has an Army number as he is a War Department Charger; he's also hunted with the Cottesmore



Mrs. A. Powell in the paddock before the open race



Mrs. R. C. Lempriere-Robin, whose husband was the judge for the meeting



Captain J. D. Moore, of the Coddington & Leconfield Hunt, who was Inspector of the course, with Mr. Frank Harvey of the Puckeridge Hunt



Brig. Charles Armitage and Major J. B. Anderson, clerk of the course. Top: Mr. A. Mason, Farmers' Race winner, on Mr. J. L. Mason's Prior Approval, followed by Mr. R. K. Liddiard on his Xmas Box



Major N. H. Pakenham-Mahon with Captain R. M. Micklethwait, who was hon. secretary of the meeting



Mr. Willie Poole, newly appointed Master of the Dartmoor Hunt

UPSIDE DOWN AT CIREN

The sophisticated teenagers of Cirencester proved that young spines are exceptionally pliable these days when they converged on a shaking-all-over dance at Aycote

House, Rendcomb, the home of Mrs. Nicholas Benson. The lively 200 youngsters were giving support to the Distressed Gentlefolks' Aid Association

- 1 Spectacular view of Charles Wordsworth twisting with Olivia Fitzgerald
- 2 Nicolas Crosthwaite and Sarah Coats won the shake competition
- 3 Camilla Langman and Chaloner Chute
- 4 Sally Smart in mid-shake
- 5 Nicholas Mangnall and Lavinia Phillips



LETTER FROM SCOTLAND

A full house greeted the 14th gala opening of the Pitlochry Festival Theatre. This year it was natural that the company should choose to present *Twelfth Night*. It is only the second time that Shakespeare has been presented at this theatre; the first was *Macbeth* in the first season.

"We've always wanted to do Shakespeare," the Theatre Director, Mr. Kenneth Ireland, told me. However, the size of the casts and the expense of staging the plays has been a deterrent. "But things are definitely easing, money-wise," Mr. Ireland added, happily. So much so that already his thoughts are turning again to Shakespeare—perhaps *Othello* next year? Well, no, maybe next year wouldn't be a wise time to choose, but after next year, who knows?

BACK ON THE BOARDS

Mr. Ireland is a happy man at the moment because he's just had an anonymous gift of £500 which will be used to resuscitate the Pitlochry Festival Theatre Trust. "It's a good beginning," he says. After the gala opening, Mr. and Mrs. Ireland held a party at their home, Knockendarroch House. About 100 people, including the cast, turned up and everyone was relaxed and happy after the inevitable strain—to both actors and audience—of a first night. The actors' strain was partly because none of them had acted on the particularly wide stage at Pitlochry before. It's all of 40 ft. and there are only two wider stages in the whole of Britain—quite a surprise to find tucked away in the Perthshire hills.

Mrs. Ireland (actress Moira Lamb) is having a busy time this year. She hasn't appeared in a great many plays in previous

seasons—family commitments have seen to that. But now that the Ireland youngsters have reached the ripe old ages of 12½ and 10½, she's coming back with a flourish with parts in *Ring Round the Moon*, *Present Laughter*, *The Seagull* and *East Lynne*.

ENTERTAINING CONTRAST

Before they returned recently to schools in the south, two young friends had a party at Stevenson, the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. H. Dunlop, near Haddington. They were Julia Dunlop, whose 13th birthday arrives almost simultaneously with her return to school, and Jessie-Ann, 12-year-old daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Matthew.

Nearly 40 girls and boys were guests and ages ranged from 11 to 15. It was surely a stroke of genius on Mrs. Dunlop's part to provide this rather diverse age group with a programme of dancing and a magician.

SPARE CHAIRS

Anyway the party was a grand success—proved, I think, by the fact that absolutely nobody sat out any of the dances. The only reason that any of the youngsters were not dancing at any particular moment was that they were drinking or eating. Even Mrs. Dunlop admitted at the party's end that it had been "splendid fun." Did I detect just the slightest note of relief in her voice? Be that as it may, she was then looking ahead to Stevenson's next important date—the charity opening of the house and grounds at the beginning of May. Every year Mr. and Mrs. Dunlop open their home in the spring; every year Mrs. Dunlop worries about whether the daf-

fodils will be flattened by the rain and wind, and whether the tulips will be open in time.

This year (but unfortunately not quite in time for the open day) will mark the completion of the gamekeeper's cottage—the last of the buildings on the estate to be restored and converted. This makes a total of four cottages, three houses and one flat all restored from property derelict when the Dunlops took over 16 years ago. They have also made extensive alterations and improvements to Stevenson House, which has the distinction of being one of the very few pre-Reformation "grange" style of houses still extant and lived in Scotland.

FLYING START

Most of Scotland's coming-out parties and dances seem to be planned for August and September, but two cousins recently got the season off to a flying start by having theirs in April. They were the Hon. Victoria Arthur, only daughter of Lord and Lady Glenarthur of Stairaird, Mauchline, Ayrshire; and Miss Sarah Sue Hamilton, only daughter of Commander J. Hamilton and of the Hon. Mrs. Robertson-Aikman of Rozelle, Ayr. The dance was held in the Ayr County Buildings because the number of guests—about 300—was too great to be entertained at either of the cousins' homes.

Until fairly recently the girls were at a finishing school in Switzerland. Since then they have taken secretarial courses in London and Miss Hamilton is now engaged in furthering her studies, mainly in languages.

J.P.



THE SCOTTISH ARTISTS

The opening of the Scottish Royal Academy's annual exhibitions is always one of Edinburgh's most important occasions. This year—it was the 138th exhibition—was particularly happy as the

President, Sir William MacTaggart, had recovered sufficiently from his recent illness to receive the 400 guests himself

- 1 Mrs. M. Kendrick with Mr. David Michie, recently elected an associate member of the Academy, and his mother, noted Scottish artist Dr. Anne Redpath
- 2 Sir William MacTaggart, the President, with Sir Compton Mackenzie
- 3 The Rev. Prof. James S. Stewart, Moderator of the Church of Scotland, with Mrs. Stewart

A PATTERN OF PAINTERS

BY ROGER HILL and
VALERIE McNAIR SCOTT

With the annual exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters in its second week at the Royal Institute in Piccadilly, five distinguished artists who are not themselves exhibiting give their views on the vexed question of portraiture.

They are none of them violently avant-garde but each of them in his own way has been seeking to get away from the impeccable committee-commissioned likeness sunk in its armchair.

Their viewpoint is timely since it does appear that there is a danger of portrait painting becoming a Cinderella art. Few young art students seem ready to try it and one R.C.A. man even remarked: "We might paint portraits but we wouldn't want anybody to know . . ."



JOHN BRATBY . . .

David Piper once said, really paints Bratbys, not portraits; which is probably why he does not get many commissions. But Bratby would like more commissions because he enjoys painting people. Ideally they should be famous people—"the kind Graham Sutherland gets"—but otherwise art students, debbs, his friends, and, when he runs out of models, himself. Bratby paints fast but also large which might put some people off. He showed me some enormous canvases he had done of groups of friends for Centre 42 which he supposed were portraits. But Bratby is also prepared to adjust

a picture somewhat to his sitter's wishes. "I do what I'm asked to do," he says. Lady Antonia Fraser wanted him to paint her in evening dress with twelve empty champagne bottles; so he did. The Bratby house in Greenwich has no fewer than four studios all crammed with other suitable props: stags' heads, bearskins, a stuffed cheetah, a pin-up of Brigitte Bardot, a plaster Venus de Milo. He led us around from one to the other rather cagily like a reluctant peer. The last one he had had built in the garden like a revolving summerhouse; mostly he paints there. It had "The Artist's Atom Bomb shelter" chalked up on one wall

RUSKIN SPEAR . . .

has a studio in Chiswick which once belonged to Millais' framemaker. He is never tired of painting faces; they're his favourite subject. "For landscapes, I have to lump everything outside" and his wooden leg limits his mobility. Besides friends, he paints formal people: directors, heads of colleges, the head of the RCA



where he teaches. There is a wonderful picture he did of Carol Weight in the Tate. He finds directors the most difficult; one gave him a sitting of only 20 minutes. "They expect you to work from photographs and the painting to look like a photograph at the end—a flattering one at that." University people are more interesting to him, both their faces and their conversation. Nearly all his portraits are of men.

"The only women I've painted really were nudes or my wife when she was young." At one time though, during the war, he used to do fashion drawing for *Vogue*. Taken to dress shows to sketch clothes he used to find himself drawing the forms inside them. Spear finds that commissions

come in pretty steadily; he isn't sure how. People see a picture and he suddenly gets a letter from them. But he doesn't want to get swamped, as he enjoys teaching. He gets echoes from the galleries in the students' work and it keeps him in touch. He tries to encourage portrait painting among his pupils, "But you can't have a roll-call to make them. They just don't want to, they all do this other stuff."

SIR WILLIAM COLDSTREAM . . .

is head of the Slade which he runs with great enjoyment and efficiency. He has a red-carpeted office full of telephones and beautiful *objets*, with a door in one wall giving on to a kind of balcony overlooking a classroom. The favourite pursuit of one of his



predecessors was to creep out through that door to try and catch his students not at work.

Sir William was very matter-of-fact about his own work, and a great debunker of generalities about portrait painting. He himself paints about four portraits a year, working slowly, generally on more than one at a time. He doesn't pose people, and says he does not consciously strive for likeness either. "It comes from so many things, emerges as you build up the picture." He thought the insistence on likeness as the prime quality of a portrait was a very 20th-century idea, part of the influence of photography. People had become used to being able to recognise a face from a few dots in a news photograph and

expected portraits to be instantly recognisable as well. Then there was a general fashion now for painting people as individuals—not the admiral, but the man inside. It used to be the other way around—Titian painted what a person stood for, his wealth, his authority, his power, and was

quite content to copy the face from a second-rate original. Long sittings were unheard of before the 19th century. Portraitists would do a quick sketch of their client and finish it off later; and there was a kind of painters' vocabulary of how to paint hands, clothes, dogs, trees so that a picture could be handed over to a pupil to finish. It would be unthinkable to teach students this now. Each artist has to invent his own vocabulary. "You can't imagine anyone being able to finish off Kokoschka's portraits for him." But Sir William Coldstream did not think portrait painting would ever fade out completely. As he said, smiling, "The urge to fill in an oval with four dots is pretty basic."

CAREL WEIGHT . . .

works in a huge, very light studio at the top of the Royal College of Art. The building was put up as a temporary measure in 1897 and somehow never came down. Weight's studio is very active-looking, with palettes littered over tables, canvases stacked against walls and in the middle a huge oil sketch of the Sermon on the Mount done for Manchester Cathedral. Carel Weight paints almost everything—not just portraits but

to encourage non-slick portraiture. Students, he found, shied off portrait painting because the traditional grooves were so deep—they didn't want to get stuck in them; they felt everything had been said before. Of course, it hadn't. "Look at Picasso; even if he does give a face two eyes in profile, he gets character across." He thought perhaps all good portraits now had to have an element of caricature.



landscapes, football games, allegories, weird surrealist scenes. The only thing he has never wanted to do, he says, is abstracts. When he does paint people, he likes to place them in their natural habitat, no huge, larger-than-life portraits. He paints only people that interest him—his two char-women for instance, sitting stiffly in their chairs, or a fragile 90-year-old lady in her garden among her flowerpots. He doesn't often take commissions. He thought portrait painting was temporarily at a low ebb, and he was a prime mover and contributor to the Contemporary Portrait Painters' Exhibition last year at Agnews which was arranged

ROBERT BUHLER . . .

was lucid and helpful about portrait painting. "It's my subject," he said. He thought its bad reputation was partly a hangover from the 19th century when some appalling portraits were turned out. One could trace a straight decline from Lawrence who was a bad edition of Gainsborough, to Sargent who was a bad edition of Lawrence. One couldn't blame photography either. The Impressionists painted some wonderful

importance of Graham Sutherland was that he showed you could be a serious painter and do portraits. Even Vicky's cartoons were probably better portraits for posterity than the glossy directors' boardroom type. Robert Buhler paints portraits himself because he likes analysing faces. He finds himself watching people all the time. He had just done a portrait of Field Marshal Sir Francis Festing, former C.I.G.S., very



portraits, Degas especially, and to begin with, photography just imitated portraiture. He produced a fat scrapbook of postcard reproductions he has been collecting for the past 20 years, and pointed out some almost identically posed Victorian portraits and photographs. These days, he thought, the trouble was not so much a lack of people who could paint good portraits, as that the wrong people got commissions. Committees called in the specialist, the professional portrait painter. "Why did no one think of calling in Picasso to paint Macmillan for instance. He'd have been delighted. Certainly, he would have said, I'll paint 50, sign them all." The

formal in uniform. He showed how he had given it force by painting the body as a flat mass, keeping the detail for the head. And in the corridor of his flat is a marvellous portrait of Ruskin Spear where he has used the same technique. Like Ruskin Spear and Carel Weight, he teaches at the RCA and likes teaching. But he didn't think many students would go in for portrait painting; it wasn't the modern idea of art. "Art is too self-conscious these days" says Buhler. Once it used to be an end-product; now, when someone is painting, you can almost see the balloon 'Thinks ART' coming out of his head"

S

Vetlana Beriosova possesses some inner tranquillity that communicates. In her high, spacious, sun-drenched flat with its views of Harrods and the Hilton, she was a lesson in relaxation. She knows how to wear casual clothes, and her voice has a quiet, compelling quality that makes one sorry the ballerina's art is a silent one.

That soft-grained voice has, in fact, been heard during ballet at Covent Garden when Beriosova danced the title-role in the Stravinsky-Ashton melodrama *Persephone*. During the performance the ballerina was required to recite considerable chunks of verse written by André Gide in between the danced episodes. Another unlikely demand made on this dancer was during the Britten-Cranko ballet *The Prince of the Pagodas* when she spent much of the second act crossing the stage at a great height, suspended by the wires of flying ballet. Apart from these two off-beat numbers, Beriosova has eight three-act ballets in her repertory as well as dozens of short ones and *pas de deux*.

The disciplines of being a prima ballerina with the Royal Ballet are great: "My day revolves around rehearsal," she says. Not, she notes, the performance or the regular ballet class which happens each morning. "If there is no rehearsal I spend the afternoon at home, seeing friends, doing a few chores or preparing dinner." Nor does the ballerina confine herself to glittery appearances at the opera house; she spends much of her working time on tour. When I met her she was dancing at Shrewsbury and Bradford the following week, meanwhile doing performances of *Images of Love* at Covent Garden. Beriosova will also close the ballet season at Covent Garden (before the company makes its temporary move to Drury Lane), this month with a performance of *Swan Lake*, for which she will be flown back from Germany where she is appearing that week.

Beriosova's London home bears no external signs of the dance. The rooms may be large enough to accommodate the occasional *enchainement*, but there are no pink slippers in a corner, no signed photographs and in the sitting room, only two theatrical pictures, a design for *Persephone* by Nico Ghika, and a portrait of the ballerina done by a tenacious fan who persuaded himself to a brief sitting in the dancer's dressing room when she was in Sweden: "I was fifteen at the time—a well-toured fifteen," she recalled.

Beriosova's background was such that a dancing career seemed almost unavoidable. She was born in Lithuania, her father, the dancer and mime Nicholas Beriosov, was a member of the Lithuanian State ballet. In 1934 he took his two-year-old daughter with him when he joined the



AT EASE WITH BERIOSOVA

A PRIMA BALLERINA AT HOME TO J. ROGER BAKER AND PHOTOGRAPHER ANTHONY CRICKMAY



In rehearsal with her regular partner Donald MacLeary. Together they will close the Royal Ballet's season this month in the revised version of *Swan Lake* and appear this week in the company's first performance of Balanchine's *Serenade* to Tchaikovsky's score. In their repertory are a number of important works including *Divisions*, *Images of Love* (the new Shakespeare ballet) and *La Bayadère*. Top: In the dining room of Beriosova's flat is a mural of a horse done by the ballerina's friend, American photographer Richard Avedon



Ballets Russes de Monte Carlo and ultimately the family settled in New York. There the young Svetlana studied until 1947: her father was among her early teachers and when he became *maitre de ballet* for the Marquis de Cuevas company, she was placed in the *corps de ballet* and was later made a principal dancer of Metropolitan Ballet. This company ended in 1949 and Beriosova returned to New York for a while. Then in 1950 Ninette de Valois invited her to join the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet as a solo dancer.

With such a background of the dance, and looking over the tremendous series of successes achieved during her 14 years with the Royal Ballet, it is not perhaps surprising that Svetlana is perfectly happy and integrated with her work. "I don't think I have any unfulfilled ambitions," she says. "Doing new ballets has a continually rejuvenating effect, and it is a fresh experience each time I tackle one of the full-length classical works." This prima ballerina is not a prima donna as it were; she approaches new works with interest and an open mind, attempting to interpret as fully as possible the choreographer's wishes.

This is because her mind is wide open to the influences of other arts as well; among her friends are talents as diverse as the American photographer Richard Avedon (an enlargement of a white horse decorates her dining room) and the American comedians Elaine May and Mike Nichols. Svetlana is married to psychoanalyst Masud Khan, a tall, dynamic figure. "I'm hardly qualified to talk to him much about his work," she says, "I need to do so much reading... but there will be plenty of time for that when I give up dancing."

Pictures by Braque and Picasso hang on the walls, and book-cases hold collections of Braque lithographs and works on art in French, a language the ballerina is fluent in—the verses she recited in *Persephone* were in the original language. In one corner stands a larger than life male-female sculpture, by Michael Kelloway, known to the family as The Totem. Her next immediate aim is to redecorate the large flat, which is in a crescent off Knightsbridge. "It's going to be pulled down soon," she said regretfully, "but we can't do anything about it, there are only two of us." (The other is Sir Michael Redgrave who lives in the same block.)

We left as the ballerina (she had changed into a long, dark, rather formal gown) rushed off to watch over the preparations for dinner in the kitchen. The air of ease remained.



The faces of Svetlana: girl with dog (*left*) shows the friendly grin of the ballerina at ease. Her pet poodle is named Kalu Khan, "called after Ghengis Khan's eldest son, a very fierce man." Artist at work (*below*) shows the imperious face of *Persephone* in which ballet she was required not only to dance but also to recite verses by Gide, in French, from time to time. Calm hostess (*bottom*) is perhaps most typical of her highly individual beauty. The weird figure in the background is a larger than life statue by Michael Kelloway. It has no official name, but Svetlana calls it The Totem



FAMILY GROUP - presenting

They were caught, quite literally, on the wing, on their way to assignments, on their way back from assignments--17 men and two girls whose work fills the Tatler's pages week by week, come rain, come shine. Colleague John Hedgecoe--in a neutral corner for the half-hour photo-call on the river walk at the Royal Festival Hall--organized his group on an alleged two flights of stairs. Alleged because there is fraud here, only one flight in fact exists. The group was photographed in two sections, then the image was reversed. And if you doubt that story take a look at the Embankment skyline on the other side of the river--there are two Cleopatra's Needles, not to mention a duplicate Shell-Mex House and Savoy Hotel.

Flight One (from top of steps)
Romano Cagnoni, beside him Philip Townsend, on the steps Iain Stewart Macmillan and Graham Smith-Attwood.
On the parapet:
Tony Evans, Barry Lategan, Morris Newcombe (seated)
Anthony Crickmay and Alan Vines



a flight of photographers



Flight Two (from top of steps) right Barry Swaebe, beside him in dark glasses John French, on parapet Sandra Lousada with hand on shoulder of Norman Eales, seated with dog Bill Bates of Van Hallan, in front of him Tom Hustler, seated on parapet Tessa Grimshaw and beside her Roger Hill. Foreground, seated, Dick Swayne, foot of steps, Paul Vincenzi

The group, whose activities in the last twelve months on behalf of the Tatler have ranged from deb balls in London to hunting in the shires, skin-diving off Lulworth to the Shakespeare exhibition, anatomies of Dulwich Village to a survey in depth of the new Florentines, dispersed within seconds of the last click of Hedgecoe's camera, leaving little or no caption details--which is often the way with photographers. Apologies for absence were received from Desmond O'Neill, covering an assignment in Nottinghamshire, Stach Lidbrooke, on a fashion session, Erich Auerbach in Ireland, Barry Warner ill, Zoe Dominic, on a rush call, and Michael Peto covering the world on behalf of Oxfam

CAMERA CALL

COUNTERSPY / ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

The following photographic survey reveals that cameras are now so automatic a bright child could work them. They range from a waterproof camera to use on the ocean floor that weighs a mere sprat-weight of 25 ozs (half that under water) to the newest turn of all, a semi-automatic camera that works on a dial system

1 All-rounder: a top camera for general photography is the Rolleiflex 2.8 F which is a twin lens reflex. Though there is a tendency towards the single lens reflex, the advantages of the twin lens shouldn't be overlooked. Lens can be a Zeiss Planar or a Schneider Xenotar. £164 17s. 8d.

2 Power zoom: the Sankyo Auto-4X is a fully automatic electric ciné. Specification: there is a CDS meter that is linked to the lens and adjusts aperture. The power zoom has a battery operated press button release and there is a built-in filter. The zoom is extra wide and operates from 7.5 millimetres, unusual for this type of camera. A red signal in the viewfinder operates when filming conditions aren't up to scratch. £69 10s. plus £4 5s. for the elegant case. This is claimed to be the world's smallest zoom camera, which makes it ideal for air travel

3 Automatic dial: the Canon Dial 35 is a half-frame job, fully motorized with an automatic rewind; an aperture indicator in the viewfinder has a manual override plus a zone-focusing index. £34 17s. 6d.

4 Best buy: Generally a good buy is the Asahi Pentax SV—a single-lens reflex camera with the ability to cope with anything any time. Specification: fully automatic diaphragm, instant return mirror, focal plane shutter, self-resetting film counter and depth of field preview, making this an outstanding 35mm camera. £99 19s. 9d.

5 Instant colour: the new Polaroid gives colour prints in 50 seconds. This is really an elaborate toy for the gifted amateur who wants to pinpoint colour values before he's shot a lot of film. £119 12s.

6 New: the Mamiya Prismatic camera is a single-lens reflex with a built-in coupled CDS meter, powered by a mercury battery, which is extra sensitive in subdued lighting. It takes interchangeable lenses. £74 6s. 6d.

7 Zooming in: the new Bolex K2 is a refinement of their S1 (see photograph). Whereas the S1 has an automatic aperture setting, the K2's is built into the lens and gives a more exact exposure. Instance: if you were zooming in on a light, the S1 would give a general reading whereas the K2 would exactly assess the light itself. These two cinéas look almost the same—the S1 costs £106 7s. 5d., the K2 £220

8 Deep water: the Nikonus can be used under water without a protective case at depths down to 150 feet. An interesting point about the Nikonus is that the triple action lever activates and releases the shutter, also advances the film. Accessories include lens hood, (can be used as filter holder), screw-in filters, underwater flash and viewfinder. Its underwater weight is under 13 ounces and it performs equally well on land or sea: £71 19s. 9d.

9 Automatic pictures: the Contina LK from Zeiss Ikon has a fully coupled exposure control system plus a viewfinder that shows shutter speed and aperture. As you fix the picture, the shutter and iris controls are adjusted simultaneously. Specification: Zeiss Ikon f/2.8 Color-Pantar lens, shutter speeds up to 1/250, focus 3½ feet to infinity, coupled photo-electric exposure-control system, calibrated from 10 to 800 ASA, with indicator needle in viewfinder. £32 8s. 6d.

Carl Zeiss Jena have a range (not shown) of 35-mm cameras called Werra. No. 5 has a four-element lens, 2.8 Tessar. Incorporating a coupled exposure meter and rangefinder, this model costs £58 15s. 4d.

10 Spy camera: the Minox B has the great advantage of minuscule build and a built-in exposure meter coupled to the shutter so that the correct speed is automatically selected. The great thing about the Minox on holiday is that you avoid the look of the tourist with the camera on shoulder. It's rather the Cinema Verité camera of the photographic world. £79 12s. 8d.

Rolleiflex, Minox, Nikonus, Canon and Pentax from Wallace Heaton, 127 New Bond Street, W.1. Mamiya, Polaroid and Bolex from Harrods







Left: Cotton
knit dress
striped round
and round
with black
turquoise
orange; big
patch pockets
and string-thin
belt, 14½ gns.
at all branches
of Jaeger

Right: Glossy
red cotton and
rayon sweater
has narrow
stripes in sets
of eight; first
red then navy
across broad
white bands.
By Playfair
£2 13s. 6d.
at Hupperts
Navy flannel
trousers in
both pictures
are by Daks,
10 gns. at
Simpson

In set: Navy
and white
stripes graded
up on a
crib a sweater
nib outdoors,
is rests, £
McCan
12 2s. 6d. a
D. J. Evans
eno. Simpson
flat w. Navy
-de shoes
gns. from
Charles
Jourda
- jeweller
on use page
by Adri
M. at Pete
Robins

STAND EASY



Breathe freely, relax uncrushably,
travel complacently, take life casually
in all the lively, easy-moving summer-knits.
Unity Barnes chose them.
Ronald Falloon took the photographs





Left:
Honeycomb patterned, honey-toned jacket of linen blended with nylon; the collar and edging are smoothly knitted to match the skirt. By Margray, 16½ gns. at Helen Parker, Dover Street; Teresa Ryan, Chester; J. Karter, Glasgow

Right: From France, a strawberry-ice pink suit in a very new shantung-textured jersey; it has a little stitching sweater, invisible here. Fricassé, £13.50. irrod. £12.50.





Brass-buttoned
suit in navy
wool jersey
has a cross-
striped sweater
and cuffs in
orange, white
and acid green.
By Dobett,
 $21\frac{1}{2}$ gns. at
Lee Harcourt,
Sloane Street
Opposite

page: Shirt-
shaped sweater
in navy lambs-
wool with two
pocket flaps,
by Braemar,
£4 7s. 6d. at
Harrods.
Stretchy
trousers in
turquoise
Helanca
pin-striped
with black.
By Elida,
£5 19s. 6d.
at Debenham
& Freebody;
Gray Tanner,
Totnes; Kay
Darrington,
Brighton and
Rustington





Left: Navy blue lambswool sweater, striped around the hem and cuffs with pale French grey, has a little stripey knitted headscarf, too. Designed by Jan Muir for Ryburn, 5 gns. at Liberty; Lindsay, Halifax. The pale grey flannelette skirt is by Gor-Ray, £2 15s. at the Gor-Ray Shop John Barker; Patrick Thomson, Edinburgh

Right: Navy and white cotton knitted into a sharply checked jacket, a plain straight skirt. By Alpinit of Switzerland, 19½ gns. at The White House; Madame Arthur, Luds





GOOD LOOKS IN CAMEO

BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

The cameo look of a perfect skin and pretty make-up will match this summer's cool and unruffled look. It doesn't need much cultivation under the cool English sun, but to keep a skin marshmallow pale on the occasional days of bright sun employ the protective powers of a cream like Elizabeth Arden's Protecta. This firm also has a masque called Anti-Brown that will help send a half-hearted tan on its way. Few possess the smooth perfection of a cameo but a tinting cream will turn most pale skins the right milky tinge. Revlon's Ultima tints (most models prefer them) have two camelia colours; one is called Camelia, the other Dresden Peach. Experiment with these foundations allied to Revlon's new lipsticks called Colours on the Naked Side. Barely Pink is the required Petunia pink. Barely Peach is hazier and deeper. The cameo look photographed above is sculpted by Rose Evansky. The short hair is taken smoothly back and a hairpiece is pinned on the back to fall in cascades of ringlets to the shoulders. Pinned in here and there is a deliberate tendril for a careless effect. Cameo on a black velvet ribbon from Cameo Corner has the same style. Even a slightly lined skin can achieve the cameo look with the use of a new product called Magic Secret. This cream goes on under make-up over the area where lines occur. Unattractive forehead lines, laughter lines and fine eyeliner can be removed for six to eight hours. Helene Curtis' brainchild comes from America where it was developed. This natural protein lotion also firms the contours of the face with its gentle astringent action. It costs 2 gns. at Harrods, Fortnum & Mason, Marshall & Snelgrove.

PAT WALLACE

on plays

STARS IN ORBIT

The very best way, as I have just discovered, of seeing *Henry IV*, parts one and two, is to attend consecutive performances on a spring day and evening in Stratford-upon-Avon and to watch the Royal Shakespeare Company giving their best. For a company it is, in the most exact and rewarding sense of the word; harmoniously directed and with a positive rejection of the "star system" so that on one evening you may see a long and complex performance from an actor in the part of a king of England and, less than 24 hours later, see the same young man in the minute role of Mouldy, a reluctant recruit to arms. This happened in the case of Mr. David Warner, while Mr. Roy Dotrice in the afternoon plays the turbulent Harry Hotspur, in the evening the senile, twittering Justice Shallow. This kind of change-about naturally requires actors of a great deal more than competence of real distinction—and that is precisely what one finds at Stratford.

Henry V, come to the throne through "by-paths, and indirect, crooked ways," is ruling England as best he may as the play opens: the feuding of his nobles still rife, the country torn and distressed by riots within its bounds. Even inside his family there is dissension, for of his four sons the eldest, Prince Henry, is leading an extravagantly wild life, for the most part in the company of the dissolute Sir John Falstaff who is the Prince of Wales' guide to drinking, roistering and many rough pleasures. He is, in every respect, the opposite of the mentor a father would have chosen, but his influence over the prince seems complete and young Henry is at his side in tavern brawls as in highway robberies.

Of those who plot against the king and lead their forces in rebellion are the Duke of Northumberland and his son, named Harry Hotspur, Owen Glendower of Wales and the wily Scroop, Archbishop of York. Their insurrection constitutes a real menace until three of the conspirators are caught by a stratagem (or what we might call a breaking of faith), while Prince Henry

meets Hotspur in single combat and kills him. By this Prince Henry regains his father's confidence, and the play ends as they set forth together against Glendower in the west.

In the second part, young Henry is showing the first colours of his maturity, though he is still ready to join the rough and tumble with Falstaff and to mock at the old man's wenching. As Henry IV approaches death the prince's reconciliation with him is confirmed and the shape of things to come grows apparent, not least in the young man's assumption of responsibility. Falstaff sets out on a recruiting tour of the country and there are some wonderful scenes of comedy as, with his boyhood companion, Shallow, by now a dithering old skipabout, he presses a group of sorry yokels into service or, more frequently, accepts bribes to let them off. He still hopes for advancement through his con-



nnection with Prince Henry and it is not until this erstwhile friend becomes Henry V that all his hopes are shattered and Henry has him and his band imprisoned. As the play ends we learn that Henry intends to bind his country together and give it unity once more in a concerted attack on France.

In these scenes of dramatic history, there are a score of performances to applaud, not least of them Mr. Eric Porter's as Henry IV, giving the part its full value of majesty and remorse. Mr. Hugh Griffith will delight the many with his robust, wily Falstaff and Mr.



Roy Dotrice is nothing short of magnificent as Hotspur; hilarious as Shallow. Ranting and boasting and in appearance very like a bearded Lloyd George, Mr. William Squire is a superb Glendower, and Miss Janet Suzman is a passionate Lady Percy. Remains Mr. Ian Holm in the lengthy and vital part of Prince Henry, and here, in spite of his slight physical stature, is an actor who has reached his full strength. It is possible that the play of *Henry IV* has never been better acted and never better staged than by Mr. Peter Hall and his associates.



There are a score of performances to applaud in the Royal Shakespeare Company's production of the two parts of Henry IV. Among them are Hugh Griffith (top) as Falstaff, and (above, from left) Eric Porter in the title role, Patience Collier as Hostess Quickly and Ian Holm as Prince Hal

PHOTOGRAPHS: ZOE DOMINIC

on films

WORLD WITHOUT LOVE



Janet Munro, as the blackmailing mistress, meets her death through the fumes inhaled from a poisoned cigarette in *A Jolly Bad Fellow*, a lighthearted film, reviewed here, about a multiple murderer

A great many people, including the man himself, take Herr Ingmar Bergman very, very seriously: I can scarcely take him at all—he strikes me as a merciless, cold misanthrope, and I usually come away from his films fascinated by his undoubted genius but full of resentment at the way he deliberately uses it to cast a blight around him. These were certainly my feelings on emerging from *The Silence*, Herr Bergman's latest glum and portentous pronouncement on the hopelessness of the human condition, the impossibility of communication between people and the inevitability of self-destruction.

The film is excellently made and beautifully photographed, by Herr Sven Nykvist—but there's no disguising the fact that the central emotional conflict has been calculatively contrived to suit Herr Bergman's pessimistic book. His characters suffer because he wants them to suffer, not because, like the rest of us, they are natural heirs to sorrow, and the points he strives to make have no general application.

Ester (beautiful Frøken Ingrid Thulin) and Anna (smouldering Frøken Lindblom) are sisters, and Johan (bony Master Jørgen Lindstrøm) is Anna's seven-year-old son. On their way back to Sweden from a holiday, they put up at an hotel in a foreign

town where an atmosphere of tension prevails, tanks patrol the streets at night and nobody speaks any known language. In the brooding silence of the strangely deserted hotel (the only other guests we see are a troupe of dwarfs), the sisters brood over themselves and their nagging frustrations, and the little boy prowls up and down the empty corridors looking lost and lonely—and brooding, too, I shouldn't wonder.

Ester, an unhappy intellectual and an alcoholic, seems to be in the last stages of phthisis—her spasms of choking are quite terrifying—but her chief torment, and the one that drives her to acts of self-gratification, is her love for Anna. There is, Herr Bergman insists, nothing incestuous or lesbian about this love; it is simply too possessive. Hmmm. It is, in any case, a desperately unrewarding passion, as Anna is a raging nymphomaniac.

While Ester lies in her room, gasping for air and hard liquor, Anna goes into the town and wordlessly hooks herself a virile bartender (Herr Birger Malmsten) to satisfy her immediate sexual need. They are making love when Ester, dispassionately alerted by her nephew, frantically enters Anna's bedroom and, as Anna is in a triumphant and defiant mood, they brazenly continue to take their animal pleasure in front of her.

Ester is shocked into a state

of collapse. The following morning Anna sets off for Sweden with her stony-faced little son—leaving the wretched Ester to recover or die as best she can, with only a kindly old waiter (touchingly played by Herr Hakan Jahnberg) to look after her. Herr Bergman claims that the film is about love (which is nowhere apparent). The sensational sexual scenes—said to "have scandalized even the Swedes"—he seems to regard as comparatively unimportant. Why, then, are they there?

Perhaps because Herr Bergman has a puritanical obsession with sex. He harps balefully on the subject, rather suggesting that you can't live without it though it won't do you any good, anyway. Not live without sex? Oh, I don't know. There are other things in the world—like good home cooking and higher mathematics—aren't there?

The late Mr. Robert Hamer collaborated (with Mr. Donald Taylor, the producer) on the screenplay of *A Jolly Bad Fellow* and there are flashes of his wit and airy cynicism in the film, but, alas, Mr. Don Chaffey, the director, has not (or at least here does not display) the lightness of touch that made Mr. Hamer's *Kind Hearts and Coronets* so devastatingly funny.

Mr. Leo McKern, a jolly good actor, plays a university professor who discovers a new and undetectable poison with which he is able to eliminate people who annoy him. These include a local gossip (Miss Patricia Jessel), a rival professor (Mr. Dennis Price), and finally his voluptuous mistress (Miss Janet Munro) who has become, he feels, altogether too unfortunate. The poison induces euphoria—we are to feel the victims die happy. I can only

say I found Miss Munro's death unbearably gruesome, which shows how badly the scene was misdirected. The professor must eventually be hoist with his own petard. Miss Maxine Audley, his lovely, understanding wife, brings this about, but inadvertently, one gathers, and not, as I am sure Mr. Hamer would have wished, with deliberate cool intention. Sad.

Mr. Harry H. Corbett has a high old time in *The Bargee*, as a Casanova of the canals whom girls all along the waterways from London to Birmingham find irresistible—I can't think why. Mr. Hugh Griffith steals the film with a gloriously volcanic performance as a lock-keeper who is prepared to foul up the entire canal system if the man who has put his darling daughter (Miss Julia Foster) in the family way does not come forward and make an honest woman of her.

This could have been a cosy little straight family comedy, but it's knocked sideways into farce by Mr. Eric Sykes who, as the dotty owner of a cabin cruiser, seems to have strayed in from an entirely different film. Mr. Derek Nimmo is delightful as a nervous young doctor, and the canals with their gaily painted narrow boats are very easy on the eye.

In *Four Women For One Hero*, a grimish film from the Argentinian director, Señor Leopoldo Torre Nilsson, the widows of four missionaries who were burnt to death by savages meet in the Amazon jungle to attend a memorial service for their husbands, all of whom they believe died heroically. M. Paul Guers, a bitterly cynical journalist, foresees their disillusionment. So, with misgiving, did I. It was painfully slow in coming—and painful on arrival.

OLIVER WARNER

on books

INDIVIDUAL IMAGES

There is nothing like pluck in a person for appealing to the imagination. That is why Francis Chichester is liked—he has such abundance of it—and why his autobiography *The Lonely Sea and the Sky* (Hodder & Stoughton 30s.) will give pleasure to many. Like Peter Scott's—published a few years ago—it has courage, adventure, enterprise, and sheer variety. Chichester

begins with a snake bite that nearly killed him as a boy, continues through business in New Zealand, seaplane solo flights in the 30's, and sailing. This last part includes his account of that almost incredible single-handed crossing of the Atlantic at the age of 60. Excitements by sea, air and land happen to him in many parts of the world, and his account of an escape from

death by a dreaded disease is thoroughly sobering.

It is a considerable transition from Francis Chichester to the present leader of the Labour Party, who has found a biographer within the ranks of the Tories. Dudley Smith's **Harold Wilson** (Hale 21s.) will, I think, gain Mr. Wilson friends in unexpected places, for however staunch his own political views may be, Mr. Smith writes without malice and he builds up a picture of a cool, learned and—so I find—sympathetic person, who has always meant to go places and do things, and who has succeeded. If one thing is more probable than another, it is that there will be casualties rather than flowers by the wayside, but that is the rule in politics.

Mr. Wilson and his biographer between them have built up a current image. There was never any need for the subject of Miss Almedingen's **The Emperor Alexander I** (Bodley Head 30s.) to do anything of the sort, for at the age of 24

Alexander became Tsar of all the Russias and was in the world's eye for the rest of his life. At one time he and Napoleon looked like carving up most of the earth between them, as Emperors of the East and West, but Napoleon grew too greedy and his Moscow adventure, though it devastated much of Alexander's vast realm, led to such catastrophe as to make it possible for Alexander to play a leading part in the post-Napoleonic settlement of Europe. Russia, as so often, had won by space and size. Miss Almedingen has a graceful way with her. Alexander might have become ponderous, but the author has threaded her way through world-shaking events with uncommon dexterity.

Briefly... Anthony Burgess's **Nothing Like the Sun** (Heinemann 21s.) is a story about Shakespeare's love life. Style and treatment are as racy as the best parts of *Much Ado*. It is frank and raw, it sometimes sparkles, and it is

as individual as they come. By contrast **My Love all Dressed in White**, by M. Villa-Gilbert (Chatto & Windus 15s.) is all elegance and sophistication. It is a second novel, always a stern test, and whether you believe in ghosts or not—they have dropped clean out of favour these last few years—the way in which the author causes the family spook to help her detestable young hero to get rid of his stepmother is a cunning piece of work. Altogether more straightforward and wholesome is **The Hunting-Ground**, by Francis Clifford (Hodder & Stoughton 16s.). This is a suspense story about an air crash in the Caribbean which involves much more than first appears to the eyes of the bird-photographer who, quite by chance, is first on the grisly scene of the wreckage.

Drama critics often pitch into John Arden, but unfailingly they add that he is one of the outstanding playwrights of his generation—he is now 34.

Those who saw **The Workhouse Donkey** (Methuen 15s.) at Chichester last year were mostly agreed on its variability. The text as printed confirms this impression: it also makes plain how vigorously Mr. Arden writes. Having now both seen and read the work, I prefer the printed word to the gallant attempt to make it a good stage play.

The daylight lengthens, and gardens demand ever-increasing labour from their votaries. **The Shell Gardens Book**, edited by Peter Hunt (Phoenix House 21s.) is a miniature encyclopedia of whole areas of the subject. The colour plates, as so often, are on the garish side, but there are so many illustrations of varying kinds that only a churl would grumble. This is not a manual of how to plant and tend: it discourses on styles of garden, on *Plans and Periods* (particularly good on the mulberry), on designers, patrons, societies—and tells you what to see and where to see it.

SPIKE HUGHES

on records

INIMITABLE BRILLIANCE

Some recordings are so obviously made for the private consumption of fans that the critic has to adopt an entirely abnormal critical approach to them. Joan Sutherland is a clear case of an artist whose records are made for Her Public—the people who queue up all over the world to pack the opera houses where she appears—and if it weren't for the unusual quality of the music she sings many of her records would barely be noticed. A brief, regular reference to "the inimitable Miss Sutherland at her brilliant best" would be enough, and the critic could pass on to other things. But just now Bellini's operas attract a lot of attention in their own right, so that when Decca issue the first complete recording of **I Puritani** for 10 years, with Joan Sutherland as Elvira (three records—mono and stereo) more notice is bound to be taken of it than if it were yet another record of Tchaikovsky's Sixth Symphony to be added to the 28 sets already available.

The new recording has not had a terribly good press from those who had hoped that Miss Sutherland might have developed a little more emotion,

a few intelligible words and a less mopey attack on Bellini's behalf in a part she can sing on her ear. For my part, I will say no more than that the inimitable Miss Sutherland is at her brilliant best; her performance has everything her fans expect of her—including what can only be described as a startling "hot chorus" of embellishments in the last verse of *Qui là voce* which, in view of the singer's notoriously poor diction, had better be identified as the tune in Act 3 which starts off like *Annie Laurie*. One thing I still cannot understand, though, is why Joan Sutherland, in private life such an exceptionally cheerful, rib-nudging kind of girl, cannot communicate any of this abundant natural gaiety through her singing. Bellini's *Puritani* has a happy ending, but you'd hardly credit it from the tone of Miss Sutherland's voice. I do wish she could be happy in her work.

Leontyne Price has recorded Berlioz's **Les Nuits d'Été** for RCA-Victor (mono and stereo). It has been issued immediately on top of the Régine Crespin performance I wrote about last month, so that where a few weeks ago there was no recording at all of this lovely song

cycle, there are now two. Miss Price doesn't begin to compare with Miss Crespin, of course; but then no foreigner (with the one exception of Dame Maggie Teyte) has ever been able to compete with French singers in singing French songs. This new record isn't to be despised, however, even if it is rather for those who are for Price Maintenance, as it were, and are interested to see how well she does with her first recording in the French language.

The reverse at least is completely different from the Crespin coupling. With deep chest notes so characteristic of Spanish singing, but which are just as typical of her great coloured predecessor, Bessie Smith, Leontyne Price contributes the vocal items (in Spanish) to Fritz Reiner's performance with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra of Falla's ballet, **El Amor Brujo**. This includes the famous *Ritual Fire Dance*, nowadays almost best known as Artur Rubinstein's late night final encore piece. It is still surprisingly stirring in its original orchestral form.

At the back of my mind I always hoped that this year's jamboree in aid of the Bard might incite somebody to record Bellini's *Romeo & Juliet* opera (*Romeo* is a contralto); but it seems we have to be content with Verdi's three great Shakespeare operas—which, I admit, is scarcely a hardship. Decca have brought

out an EP called **Birgit Nilsson Sings Lady Macbeth** (mono and stereo) which consists of two arias, including the great Sleepwalking Scene, from Verdi's opera. In these days, Miss Nilsson is most famous as a Wagner singer and reputed to be the highest paid singer in the world. She made her first big impression not in Wagner, however, but as Lady Macbeth in Stockholm with Fritz Busch, who brought her to Glyndebourne to sing in *Idomeneo* in 1951—her first trip outside Sweden. Her Verdi is still most impressive in this recording.

Considering how tirelessly (I'm pleased to say) the gramophone companies seem to record every note of his music they can lay hands on, it is strange that for so long only three of Mozart's five authenticated violin concertos have been available. The second is still missing, but **No. 1 in B Flat** has now at last been put into circulation by Philips in a very fine performance by the Belgian violinist Arthur Grumiaux (one record—mono and stereo). I can't imagine why it should be such a rarity; it was written when Mozart was 18, in the same year as the other four and is full of high spirits. On the other side M. Grumiaux, who has now recorded four of the five concertos, plays **No 4 in D Major**, which includes one of the most testing and beautiful of Mozart's slow movements.

on galleries

PLOUGH, THATCH—AND WHITE SHAPES

As a not-very-practical man I have the sort of admiration for sculptors that little boys have for engine drivers. I am so fascinated by the way in which they tackle the practical problems of their craft that I can never miss an opportunity of watching them at work (or even at rest) in their natural surroundings. It was this compulsion that led me to accept an invitation that came out of the blue of deepest Essex to visit a young sculptor whose name, Roy Noakes, was unknown to me. Mr. Noakes wrote: *The expense of moving large pieces of stone and concrete puts the conventional exhibition beyond the means of a working sculptor. I am therefore venturing to show my last six years' work in the two acres of farmland surrounding my studio at Great Sampford, Essex...*

Without stopping to ask what he meant by "a working sculptor" and forgetting all the more important exhibitions that beckoned from London, I headed for Great Sampford. In the village I was told that "Mr.

Noakes the sculpture" lived about a mile south, a fact that was soon confirmed when a strange huge white shape appeared on the horizon and apparently in the middle of a ploughed field. Beside it was a small thatched cottage and, unmistakably, a studio.

The approach was up a cart track lined on one side with fruit trees trying hard to bloom for Mr. Noakes and on the other with a number of interesting portrait heads. Two of these were outstanding. The first because it looked like someone I knew (and turned out to be of actor Bernard Miles, the sculptor's father-in-law), the second because it might have been by the great Italian Giacomo Manzu (but was a Noakes of Mrs. Noakes).

On a patch of grass outside the cottage a number of powerful, massive-limbed male and female figures of cement crouched, kneeled and sprawled, or sat majestically on plinths. Beyond them, against a backdrop of more fruit trees, another strange and huge white

shape (or, rather, two shapes, for it was divided down the middle) loomed impressively. It was one of those "abstractions" that takes on a different identity with everyone who sees it and with every change of light. It could be a rock formation or a prehistoric monster, a sewing-machine or a cathedral, a cat on the tiles or a pair of leptorrhinean heads. What is more important is that it is Roy Noakes' nearest approach yet to a wholly original work. True it could probably never have been made without the precedent of Henry Moore's two-part figures but it has a stark presence that is all its own. Like Mr. Moore who has already shown an interest in him, I shall watch Mr. Noakes's development with great interest and high hopes.

Perhaps Michael Ayrton, who also lives in Essex, will one day show his sculpture in the open air. His home is eminently suitable for such an exhibition but though a "working sculptor" he not only shows in the West End but can also afford to have all his works cast in bronze for his exhibitions. In his present show, at the Grosvenor Gallery, we see him once again as the consummate craftsman in sculpture, painting, drawing and collage.

For a long time, it will be remembered, Ayrton was in thrall to the story of Daedalus and Icarus which, he said, "is the myth which to me has most relevance to our own time." Over a period of several years it inspired him to produce many fine bronzes, scores of paintings, hundreds of drawings and a book, *The Testament of Daedalus*. In the last paragraph of that book he wrote: *I wish I was sure that I am free of Icarus and that I have enough of that part of Daedalus in me to make good images.*

Well, Mr. Ayrton has now moved on to a study of three figures related to the Daedalus-Icarus theme—the Minotaur, the Sentinel (Talos) and the Oracle (the Cumaeian Sybil and Pythia)—all of which he sees, and makes us see, as relevant to our own time. In the matter of didacticism there is no one among his fellow artists to touch him. But what of his image-making? This exhibition confirms the opinion I formed two exhibitions ago that, though he turned to sculpture only in 1953, he must always have been primarily a sculptor. About everything that he does the word "brilliant" comes easily to everyone's lips. But it is only in front of his bronzes that I ever find myself using the word "profound."

J. ROGER BAKER

on opera

MUSIC SUCH AS CHARMED SLEEP

Last week, you may remember, I was mumbling about the difficulties of translating plays into operas with reference to Francis Burt's *Volpone*. As if to show how it should be done, Covent Garden celebrated Shakespeare's birthday with a series of performances of Benjamin Britten's transformation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Like Burt, Britten arranged his own libretto (with some help from Peter Pears) and a very workable design it makes, based on the assumption that we don't have to be told anything twice—thus Lysander's simple remark to Hermia about "the strict Athenian law" stands in adequately for Shakespeare's scene one, and Theseus' opening speech is transferred to the last scene of the opera when the duke and his bride first appear. Any faults the libretto may still have are those of the

original play—its episodic nature in the opening scenes when the three groups, rustics, fairies, lovers, are introduced separately. This is inevitable, of course; it even crops up in Sir Frederick Ashton's absolutely enchanting balletic version of the play called *The Dream*, and he only introduces the lovers and rustics for scenes in which they are directly involved with the fairies.

But what Britten has done, and what Verdi does in *Otello* and *Falstaff*, is to add a new dimension to the original play. It isn't just Shakespeare set to music, but Shakespeare glowing freshly in a new light. The quartet of lovers is operatic anyway, and Britten has seized on their quarrel scene to create a splendid ensemble, and if the women are more decisively characterised than that is perhaps Shakespeare's fault too, as he seems more interested in

their exchanges than those of the besotted men. Josephine Veasey and Jeanette Sinclair as Hermia and Helena were first rate and would probably have been a hit just talking their way through.

Britten handles his rustics tactfully—they are led by the sweet-natured Bottom of Geraint Evans—and their tragedy of Pyramus and Thisbe is used as an opportunity to guy various conventional types of operatic utterance—the big Verdi-style *cantilena*, the Donizetti duet-with-flute and so on. The audience enjoyed this scene, but possibly in appreciation of the visual comedy rather than the esoteric musical references.

Which leaves the fairies. Opinions are sharply divided on his treatment of Oberon, sung by a counter-tenor. This gives the character a definitely unworldly quality and I like the noise that Grayston Burgess produces. His voice is inevitably small-scale, though, and if I hadn't been sitting practically on the stage I doubt if I would have heard a word, especially when he was in duet with the knock-out Tytania of

Elizabeth Vaughan. However, he has some luscious moments, notably *I know a bank*. Covent Garden could consider putting Kenneth Macdonald, a tenor with a tremendous range, in this part at some future time. Macdonald made an amusing Snout, but as we have heard in *Le Coq D'Or* he can produce some really weird sounds. The fairies are sung by a boys' chorus, a medium for which Britten writes matchlessly.

The opera is drenched with a warm midsummer radiance; the gentle breathing of the wood, imaged in the opening bars and recurring throughout the first act, was tenderly handled by Meredith Davies, the conductor, who also made a wonderful thing of the brisk, brass and percussion entr'acte between the two scenes of the last act. One could go on indefinitely about the joys of this opera to the extent of forgetting its faults—the major one being a lack of any focal point. But a final word of praise for the dancing-actor John Parker who presented a Puck slightly older than one might have expected, but one of wit and charm.

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ALBERT ADAIR

ANTIQUES

A DESK FOR A PRINCE

Furniture was of great consequence to the men and women of France during the 17th and 18th centuries; their demand for beautiful pieces produced some of the most renowned ébénistes and masters such as André Charles Boulle or Buhl (1642-1732). He perfected and brought into prominent use the art of inlaying tortoiseshell and brass for inlay work. In fact he received royal approval and today fine examples of his craftsmanship are seen in the Palace at Versailles. Many have since been furnished with this inlay, now always referred to as Boulle work. A typical example is the Regency bureau plat (illustrated here by courtesy of Temple, of London, W.1).

At first sight this writing table, constructed of finely figured rosewood seems sturdy rather than elegant, and on further scrutiny it is evident that there is an attraction. The original leather lining is embossed round the borders with the rose, shamrock and thistle in gold and, rather intriguingly, Garter badges in the corners, also in gold. Perhaps one may assume from these badges that the table was made for a member of the Royal Family.

A writing drawer is fitted on either side with a compartment enclosed by highly finished tambour shutters and it is signed by the maker Guillaume or William Jamar. According to Heal in *London Furniture Makers* Jamar was a French cabinetmaker who in 1817 had premises at 29, Wardour Street, and it appears that he continued to use the French punch even after he had set up business in England. Another Frenchman, Louis le Gaigneur,

also had a workshop in London at 19, Queen Street, and no doubt these two were tempted to try their luck in this country where there was une vraie crise for their creations. Mr. Clifford Musgrave, in his excellent book on Regency furniture, records that "the Prince Regent bought a Boulle Library Table for Carlton House for £250." He further states, "there were several superb articles of Boulle furniture in the Pavilion at Brighton in its later phase from 1820-1823" and "there are to-day at Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle a number of magnificent early French pieces from Carlton House and Brighton inlaid with brass, ebony and tortoiseshell."

The gilt bronze work is worthy of special note; it is of fine quality, and could have been made in France and then imported. The chasing of the motifs around the key-hole repays scrutiny as the roses and leaves are realistically and beautifully executed. The ormolu border is perhaps quite usual in many examples, but in this case it is outstanding, not just repoussé and hollow but lined with lead—a most complicated and costly procedure. It would be interesting to know whether any other such works are in existence or whether this is a unique example.

Some recent acquisitions are now on view at the British Museum for the general public including five ivory carvings from Ziwiye, North West Persia; Indian sculptures of the 10th century A.D., and a Greek amphora which is decorated on each side with a horse's head—these "Horse Head amphorae" were made between 600-550 B.C.



A Regency bureau plat decorated with Boulle work. It is made of figured rosewood and the leather lining is embossed (picture above) with a rose, shamrock and thistle motif in gold with Garter badges in the corners

This is the time of year for stocktaking. I, for instance, am going through my store cupboard and removing the cans of fish, meat and vegetables which I have had for up to a year to a spot where they can be seen and where they will reproach me until I have made use of them. I think that I collect more canned foods than most people because I want to know what products are available, and many new foods reach me for tasting. But so many of us today have an outside job in addition to domestic duties that we are bound to stock up, to make sure of the next meal.

Some canned foods are so precious that I grudge using them; for example that pâté of duck I brought from France a year ago. I have kept it in the least cold part of the refrigerator. Now I shall serve it on a day when someone comes for a meal and I want to take it easy. I always have on hand a few cans of frankfurters and at least one of sauerkraut so that, with the addition of some smoked bacon, I can produce a glorious *Choucroute Garni* for a friend who thinks it the best dish in the world.

HELEN BURKE

DINING IN

REVIEWING THE STOCKS

Some small sausages will also go well with a ragout of kidney very slightly thickened with arrowroot. This is a wonderful thickener because it is clear, and very little blended with water is enough. It is also a good "get out" for those of us who feel guilty if we use flour and water to thicken a dish.

I have two very pleasant recipes for 1-lb. cans of ham. The dishes in each case will serve 4 to 5 persons. First, HAM IN MADEIRA SAUCE WITH PICKLED PEACHES.

Drain a small can of peaches. Put 2 tablespoons of the syrup into a saucepan. Add 2 tablespoons of cider vinegar, a dessertspoon of sugar, 1 inch of stick cinnamon, 4 whole cloves, 3 crushed allspice and a small piece of mace. Bring to the boil. Lay the peach halves (or quarter them) in a shallow dish. Pour the pickling syrup

over them and leave overnight.

Open the can of ham and cut the meat into slices. Gather up any aspic and place it in a large frying-pan. Add any remaining peach syrup and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of stock (hot water and $\frac{1}{2}$ chicken cube). Season with freshly milled pepper. Lay the ham in this and heat through. Lift out the slices and place them in a row, overlapping, on a heated platter. Heat the drained peaches in the stock, garnish the ham with them and keep hot.

To the stock in the frying-pan, add 3 tablespoons of Madeira and a tiny drop of caramel (liquid gravy browning). Bring to the boil. Stir in a level small teaspoon of arrowroot blended with a tablespoon of water. Bring to the boil again and it will clear. Taste, and if necessary add salt. Finally, spoon this sauce over

the ham slices and serve.

The second dish is HAM IN CREAM-SHERRY SAUCE. Make a stock with $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water, $\frac{1}{2}$ chicken cube and the aspic from the ham. Add the slices of ham and heat them through. Lift out. Place each slice on a piece of linen to get rid of any moisture. Arrange the slices in a row, overlapping, in a heated serving-dish as above. Cover with wetted greaseproof paper and keep hot.

Melt a walnut of butter in a saucepan, and in it cook a chopped small onion and a teaspoon of flour without colouring them. Add the stock and simmer to reduce it by about a third. Add 2 tablespoons of brown sherry. Heat 4 tablespoons of single cream or even rich top milk in another pan. Bring the sauce to the boil and strain it into the cream. Taste in case a little salt is required. Spoon the sauce over the ham and sprinkle it with chopped parsley.

If liked, you can add mushrooms to the sauce. Slice fairly thinly 2 oz. of unopened cultivated mushrooms. Cook them for less than a minute in a little butter, add them to the sauce and proceed as above.

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DUDLEY NOBLE

MOTORING

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Any car with the magic name Alfa Romeo on its bonnet is sure to be a honey, and the Giulia 1600 Spider on which I have just covered a few hundred glorious miles is exactly that. It is a true sports car, built to carry two and no more, with a boot to match—a real honeymooners' conveyance my wife said; I thought a trifle wistfully. For my part it seemed just the job for a rapid visit to the North, and along those stretches of the M.1 which are not undergoing repair it demonstrated that 100 m.p.h. could be comfortably exceeded. At one time the speedometer needle went very close to 110 m.p.h., which I took to be a genuine 105 or so—most speedometers become a little optimistic in their upper ranges. This was on fifth gear, it being Alfa Romeo practice to fit a geared-up top, equivalent to our more normal overdrive but operated by the gearlever.

This introduced a minor complication for the newcomer to the driving seat because, though first and fifth gear positions are the same as first and third on any other car, there is an intermediate position between them which actually gives third, and until one becomes thoroughly acclimatized it is easy to change from second to fifth, which does not help in getting away smartly. However, after handling the car for a little while the difficulty wears off. Fourth gear is direct drive, and the ratio on this is 5.125 to 1, which may be

considered somewhat low for a sports model; fifth is 4 to 1, very suited to main road motor-ing. The car swoops along on it with hardly a sound—quiet running is, indeed, among the many virtues of the Giulia; one can converse in moderated tones even when travelling fast.

What sound there is comes mainly from the engine which, in the regular Alfa manner, has two overhead camshafts—expensive to make but efficient in power production. It is hard to believe that this is only a little bigger than 1½ litres capacity—1,570 c.c., to be exact—for its urge is really remarkable, and not only when revving hard. Maximum power output is in fact 104 h.p., but what is fully as important to the driver is the torque, or "pull", at lower rates of revolution (the maximum power is developed at 6,000 r.p.m.). Thus, when one has slowed down in traffic, the Giulia engine will respond willingly without continual recourse to the gearlever, even in fourth. And the response, when one puts the foot down hard on the accelerator pedal, is more than gratifying—it is electrifying. After burbling through congested suburban streets, when one

finally reaches the clear road and sees it stretching away into the distance, this Alfa streaked off into the blue as if it revelled in showing its paces.

The Italians certainly are expert when it comes to extracting high power from a limited number of cubic centimetres in the cylinders. I do not think, however, that they have done all they could with the body on this Giulia Spider. When it rained hard, for instance, there was a point where water got in and dripped infuriatingly on my knee, because there was not a perfect seal between windows and windscreen. Also, a strong smell of petrol came into the cockpit at times, and the filler cap, being sited in the boot, made me feel that those honeymooners I mentioned might find their luggage drenched with the scent of Esso No. 1. Perhaps these minor drawbacks were confined to the car I tested, which was by no means a new one and seemed to have been given hard usage as a demonstrator.

Apart from these points there is very little one can fault; the driving position is excellent, and in the Italian manner is set back well behind the

alloy-spoked steering wheel. The pedals are pivoted at the floor so that they follow the natural movement of the foot when operated; the pendant type of pedals are apt to bring on ankle-ache. As is often the case when a car originally designed for left hand drive is converted to right hand for the British market, the Giulia's steering column I found rather near the clutch pedal, and one had to watch that the toe did not foul the column when the clutch was pressed hard out. The same remark applies to a degree with the controls; the wiper switch, for instance, was away over on the left of the dash, and the handbrake lever, which has a pull-out action, was masked behind the steering column.

Instrumentation is comprehensive, with a tachometer (rev. counter) and proper gauges for oil pressure and temperature, also for water temperature. A red light comes up in the petrol gauge to warn when fuel level is getting low, and a nice touch is that the screen wipers automatically start working when one uses the screen washer. Lights are dipped by a lever on the steering column, and the lamps are flashed by a button surrounding the horn on the boss of the steering wheel. Altogether, a car like this one could live with very happily. The Giulia Spider costs here £1,396 3s. 9d., inclusive of all taxes, and the London headquarters of Alfa Romeo are at 164 Sloane St., S.W.1.

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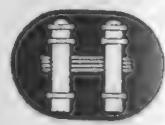


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DAVID MORTON

MAN'S WORLD

INTERNATIONAL BREAKTHROUGH

The menswear industry is enormously fond of conventions and exhibitions (there have been four already this year) but not all of them offer a great deal to write about. Few readers would enjoy an article, for example, on the courses offered by technical colleges in the care and maintenance of heavy-duty sewing machines, a subject at Olympia. But a recent convention of clothing designers did demonstrate that with long-distance travel approaching, quite literally, at supersonic speed, fashion influences of one country on another are becoming greater all the time.

Today's average well-dressed man can go almost anywhere in the world without his clothes betraying his nationality. There is an international trend these days, influenced by London more than ever before. And London is becoming more and more ready to accept the influence of France, Italy, Scandinavia and the United States.

The convention in point, of the International Association of Clothing Designers, was sponsored by Simpson of Piccadilly, and it's to be hoped that the delegates found time to have a look round this interesting store, which proves to be as aware of new trends as any in London. Their feeling is for modernised Victorian; formal, but very relaxed. It's evident in the rather waisted jackets, worn fully buttoned, and shown particularly clearly in a black Harris tweed DAKS jacket. This is a direct descendant of the friendly Norfolk jacket, with patch pockets, back panels and a low-slung buckled belt. It is also available in an olive, black and grey check or black and white herringbone; £17.

Another likely winner from the Simpson stable is a light-weight "showerproof" jacket in steel grey, five-buttoned, single breasted, with button cuffs and a flapped breast pocket: 10 gns. Taking an optimistic approach to the coming summer, Simpsons have some pleasant four buttoned blazers in dark stripes. In double-knit jersey; black, tan and gold or bottle green, navy and blue stripes, they

have patch pockets, and again a flapped breast pocket. Not given away at £28, but they look worth every penny.

Striped trousering, more often seen on City workers' legs, has been made up by Simpson into a lightweight topcoat. Cut with angled pockets and shallow cuffs on the sleeves, it looks like what it is—a bold statement of individuality; it costs £24 10s.

Simpson's shirt department has some handsome high-collared shirts. One of the best looking is in dark green poplin, with a high white tab-fastening collar attached, double cuffs and a fly front: 70s. Others come in fine batistes and cottons and most have these high set collars. Anyone who has wondered where to get those leather caps the Beatles wear should try Simpsons—they have the genuine Oliver Twit article in black leather £3 10s.

In the same store, this tradition is well expressed in a good looking dinner jacket with a step collar and set-in satin facings, long side vents and a soft shoulder line. The waist is emphasized a little to give a bold masculinity to the chest. The jacket is partnered by slimline DAKS trousers with a narrow satin braiding on the sides. All in all, quite an impressive international look.

THIS WILL PASS THE HEAD WAITER

Finally, I am able to offer a helpful hint to those whose love of informal clothes leads them into trouble with that highly international breed—head waiters. A friend of mine was in constant trouble with them due to his liking for jersey-knit jackets, which led to several refusals of service. The answer, he found, was to wear the same sort of jacket with lapels. (These are made by St. Joseph, and look expensive enough to bring a glint to any head waiter's eyes.) Result—a very good table indeed.

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WEDDINGS

1 **Ford—Grenside:** Penelope Susan, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Peter Ford, of Fairacres, Roehampton Lane, S.W.15, was married to Christopher John, son of Mr. & Mrs. C. G. Grenside, of Peverel, Kirkwick Avenue, Harpenden, Hertfordshire, at St. Lawrence Jewry



2 **Norman-Butler—Wilson:** Catherine Mary, daughter of the late Mr. Norman-Butler, and of Mrs. Norman-Butler, of St. Alban's Grove, W.8, was married to Clive Herbert, son of Mr. & Mrs. Raymond Wilson, of The Beacon, Penn, Buckinghamshire, at Chelsea Old Church

3 **Lowther—Carleton Paget:** Sheila, daughter of Captain & Mrs. George Lowther, of Holdenby House, Northampton, was married to John, son of the late Mr. Guy Carleton Paget, and of Mrs. Edward Hope, of Little Tew, Oxfordshire, at St. Mary's, Cadogan Street

4 **Payne—Mitchell:** Sally Theresa, daughter of the late Mr. Charles Payne, and of Mrs. Payne, of Orange Court, Littleton, Surrey, was married to Peter John, son of Mr. Leslie Herbert Mitchell, C.B.E., and Mrs. Mitchell, of West Grove, Walton-on-Thames, at Compton Church

5 **Spencer—McGillycuddy:** Wendy Connor, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. George Spencer, of Winwick Manor, Winwick, Rugby, was married to Dermot Patrick, son of Mr. & Mrs. Dermot McGillycuddy, of BishopsCourt, Straffan, Co. Kildare, Ireland, at All Angels, Winwick



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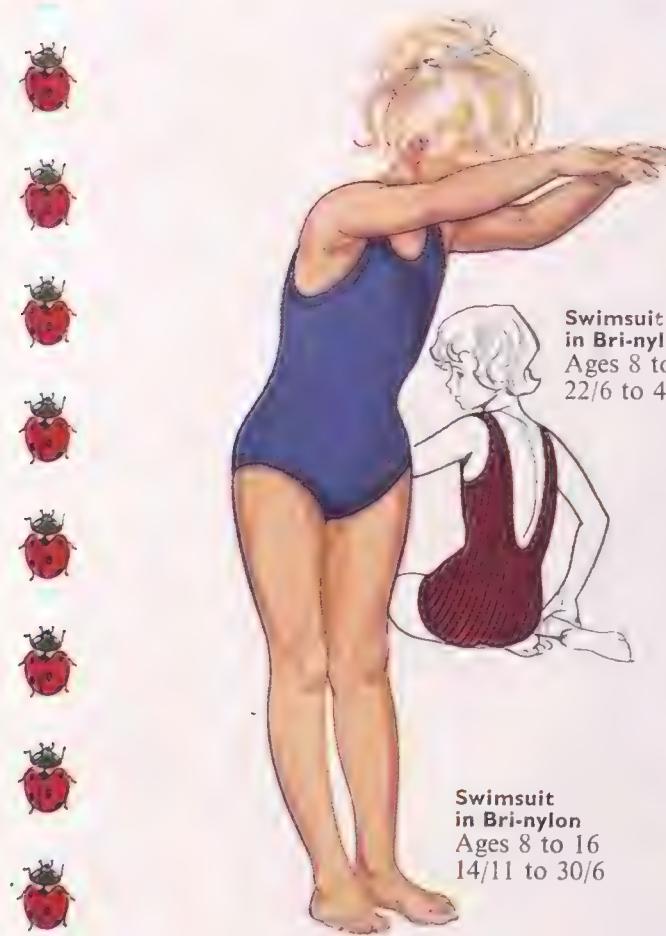
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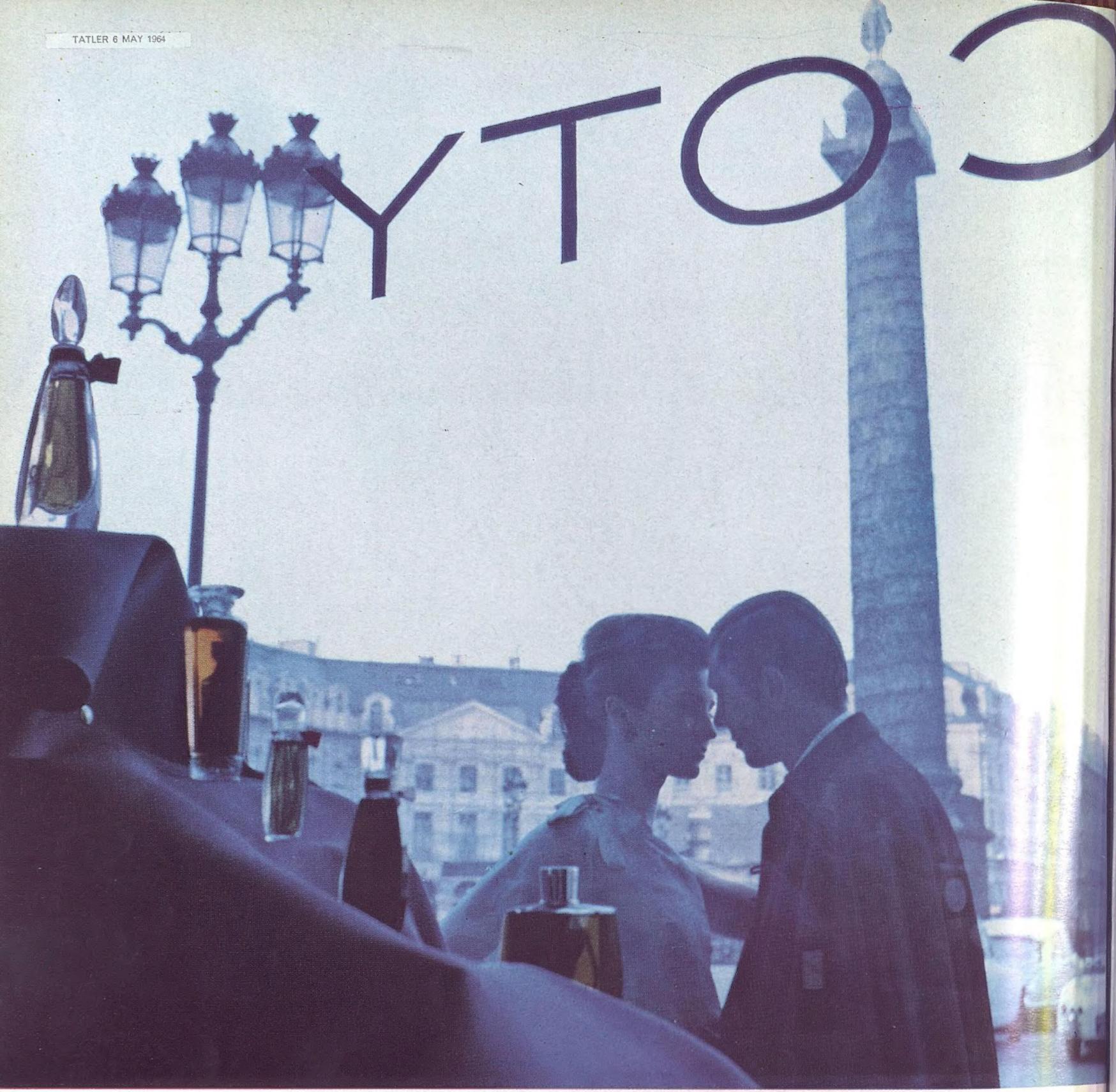


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